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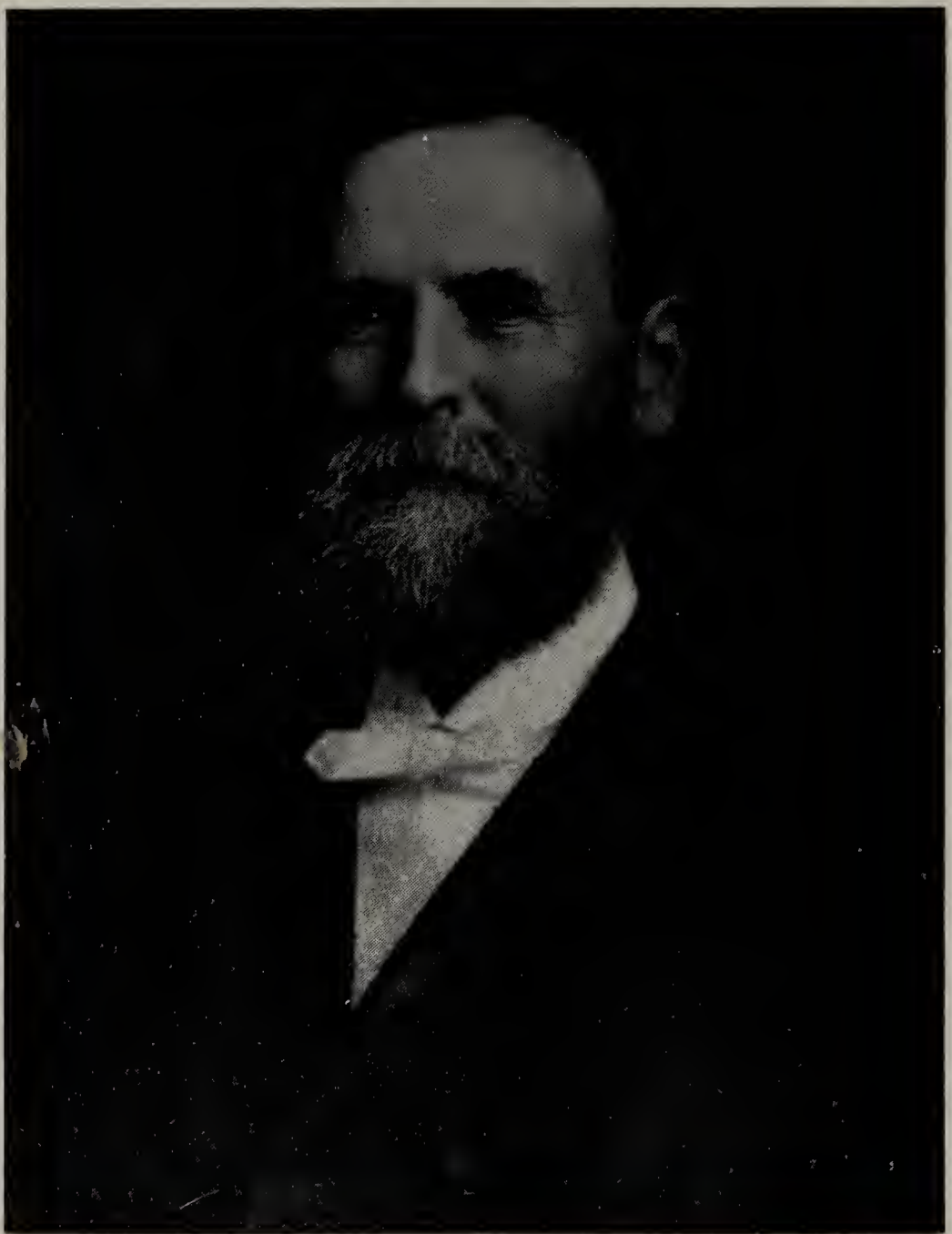
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Mary Anne Runlap
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Dr Fred Field Goodsell
 gave me away ^{at} our
 wedding in the Old
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 June 30th 1943. He was
 then Executive Vice
 President of the American
 Board of which I was a
 member of the staff - also
 a member of the Old South
 Church.



DENNIS GOODSSELL

1908

Dennis Goodsell

PIONEER

Based upon His Unpublished Memoirs
Prepared by FRED FIELD GOODSELL



PRIVATELY PRINTED BY HIS CHILDREN ON THE
ONE HUNDRED SEVENTH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH

1957

FOREWORD

DENNIS GOODSSELL *deserves his place as a pioneer missionary of the Congregational churches of Minnesota and California. It has been a labor of love, gratitude and admiration to prepare this memorial to his memory.*

Fortunately he yielded to my request to write about his life and labors. His manuscript of 225 pages has been the basis of this little volume. I acknowledge with gratitude the help given me by my sister, Ruth.

Father was preëminently a person dedicated heart and soul to the Christian ministry. He has been a constant inspiration to me.

FRED FIELD GOODSSELL

Waban, Massachusetts,
February 27, 1957

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CHAPTER I

California Calls

THE Northern California Conference of Congregational Churches has recently celebrated the centennial anniversary of Congregational church life and work in California—1856-1956. This century of California history is full of stirring events and of colorful personalities. Pundits among us predict that by 1980 California will be the most populous state in the Union with more than fifteen million inhabitants. Thus westward and further westward moves the center of population and power in these United States.

Among the men who served Congregational churches during the first century of Congregational history in California are many who are worthy of commemoration. Such names as Durant, Benton, Willey, Dwinell, Mooar, Kellogg, Lacy, Warren, Pond, Frear, Wyckoff, MacLean, Wirt, Cooke, Nash, Harrison, Minchin, Rathbone bring a glow of joyous memories to oldsters among us. Along with these are many unsung pioneers, men who served in mining and lumber camps, in fertile valleys and in remote rural parishes. These men often faced life in the raw, though it would be difficult to find life rougher and rawer than it was in San Francisco in the fifties and sixties! As a boy I was fascinated with Rev. Sherlock Bristol's autobiographical stories of *The Pioneer Preacher** who matched his common sense and courage with the brawn and brusqueness of the California pioneers.

My Father, Dennis Goodsell, was one of the men who put his life into the service of the Congregational churches in California. He went from Minnesota to California in 1882 and continued in the active ministry in that state until 1918—thirty-six years. With one exception—Lodi—his parishes were all in home missionary fields. He said to me on more than one occasion that he started out in his ministry by resolving to be willing to go to fields which were not sought by other men—hard fields where life was rough and tough. He felt that he understood the “common people,” those who had to work hard to make a living and who

* Sherlock Bristol, *The Pioneer Preacher* (Revell, New York, 1887).

probably needed the message of the Christian gospel even more than comfortable city dwellers. I think he had the feeling that he was not prepared to serve the sophisticated or those who demanded sermons and service based upon the highest intellectual talents. At the same time he made the best preparation he could for his life work. He persevered until he graduated from Oberlin College in 1875 and from Chicago Theological Seminary in 1879. He was second to none in his desire to serve up to the very limit of his ability. He was in the habit of making careful preparation for every sermon or public address. He consecrated himself to the service of Christ among the lowly, the poor, and the neglected.

Father would probably have continued his ministry in Minnesota had it not been for the fact that the parents of Mother had gone to California shortly after she had graduated from Oberlin College in 1876. Father had had his eye on Mother during their college days and was desolate when she went to California with her family. That seemed very far away from Minnesota in those days. She responded to his plea to come to Minnesota and become his bride in 1877 but I fancy there was a secret hope in her heart that she could persuade him to take her back to California before long.

Father served three parishes in Minnesota: Fergus Falls 1877-1878, Montevideo 1879-1881, Hamilton 1881-1882—five years. My sister Helen was born in Fergus Falls in 1878, and I was born in Montevideo in 1880. I have heard Mother describe her arduous trip to Los Angeles from Minnesota in 1882 with two small children. Train travel in coaches in those days was more picturesque than comfortable. Father had to stay a few months longer in Hamilton but Mother was desirous of making the long journey before winter. After a few months Father joined her in California. They met at Tulare in the southern part of the San Joaquin Valley. Superintendent Warren had arranged for Father to settle there as pastor of the Congregational Church that had been organized in 1874. Another church, one that he organized at Tipton, ten miles south, was also his responsibility. Thus began his California ministry of thirty-six years. It extended from a parish in Los Angeles County in the south, Westminster, to Picard in Siskiyou County, near the Oregon border, in the north.

CHAPTER II

The Little Red House Under the Hill

FATHER'S boyhood home was a farm in Nelson, Portage County, Ohio about sixty miles southeast of Cleveland. The county was called Portage County because it covered part of the watershed between the southern shores of Lake Erie and the Ohio River valley. The Indians and pioneers had to carry their canoes and other equipment through the rolling hill country that formed this watershed.

Father loved to tell his children stories of his boyhood on the Nelson farm. His grandfather, David Goodsell, had journeyed with his family from Cornwall, Connecticut in 1817. They settled first at Nelson Ledges, a picturesque little spot where the school, the Congregational Church, a store, an inn, and several houses constituted the center of the town. Garrettsville, eight miles away was the commercial center of the district. Warren, further distant, was the county seat.

Here are some of Father's stories:

"Grandpa David purchased a hundred and twenty acres one mile north of the Ledges. He built a substantial frame house and painted it red. This little red house under the hill was the home of the Goodsells for eighty years. It was a landmark for thousands of visitors to the Ledges. Large numbers of people from Connecticut came to what is now Ohio with the understanding that land directly west of Connecticut beyond New York State was reserved for them! This disputed claim was settled by calling a large tract of what is now northern Ohio, the Western Reserve for Connecticut. The country was a dense forest that yielded only a bare living to strenuous and hardy people. Clearing the forests and getting land into tillable condition required great strength and endurance. The Goodsells were large bony men, mighty with the ax and expert in managing ox teams. In many places roads were made of logs. A hoe, an ax, a fork, and a scythe were highly prized and expensive articles, often difficult to find."

"Grandma Louise had many duties caring for the small children, doing the housework and taking care of her small flower garden. One day she saw a snake coiled up near where a little

child was playing outside the back door. She grabbed her hoe, killed the snake but alas!—she broke her precious hoe in the process. The implements for making cloth were parlor and chamber pieces of furniture. I remember her loom, her spinning wheel, the jenny, and the distaff.”

“Grandpa David was a man of sturdy character. He maintained his ideals of honesty and kindness and of exemplary conduct but he was not a good business man. He was often imposed upon in trade, much to the disadvantage of his family. My father, Irad, was the youngest of the children and inherited the farm when Grandpa David died in 1844.”

“When he was twenty-four Father married the daughter of a neighbor, Lydia Brown. She had taught district school for two terms. The story of their engagement went the rounds. While she was teaching school near Ravenna, she was courted by a young physician whom she disliked. In her concern and bewilderment she confided in neighbor Irad and finally told him that if he would accept her she would jilt the young physician. She and Irad were married August 15, 1844. For twenty happy years she was the homemaker in the little red house under the hill.”

“Three sons were born to Irad and Lydia: David, Dennis, and Evander. David became a lawyer, Dennis a minister, and Evander a physician. The boys owed a great deal to their mother. She was a woman of high ideals who labored diligently to make her home a place of repose and beauty. She loved music. A melodian was a highly prized possession. Not many homes in Ohio in those days had such a musical instrument. She loved flowers. Her little garden in front of the house was the apple of her eye. She greatly enjoyed the frequent all-day visits of relatives for which she made careful preparation. She had been converted during a Methodist revival in Parkman and led her husband and boys in faithful attendance at the Congregational Church at the Ledges of which Rev. Benjamin Fenn was the beloved pastor.”

“There were no dull moments or seasons in our home, inside or outside. Something was going on all the time. There were pet animals as well as horses and cows, sheep and pigs. There was plenty of game in the woods: coon, possum, skunks, muskrats, ground hog, raccoon, weasel, mink, fox, chipmunk. I came to

know and love the birds: robin, meadowlark, mocking bird, whippoorwill, mourning dove, chickadee, wren, magpie and blackbird. There were also hawk, crow, owl, woodpecker and partridge. Squirrels and rabbits were plentiful. When I was five my uncle taught me to fish. The 'sugar bush' was a scene of work as well as play. We had plenty of apples, pears, plums, berries and nuts."

"I remember going to church every Sunday in the big wagon with the family. Father led the choir in the gallery while we tried to sit still during the long sermons. There were two services at the church in addition to Sunday School. Mother and Father were particularly careful about observance of the Sabbath. Sunday was not a day for visiting but for quiet home interests after church. One Sunday I got into difficulty. I wanted some pears but couldn't find any at home. I took two little pails and went secretly down the road to a neighbor's pear tree in the rear of their house. Mrs. Merritt saw me and realized that I had come without permission. She was willing to give me some pears but asked me whether I had run away from home. 'No,' I said, 'I did not run away but I walked pretty fast.' Sunday evenings Father would lead family prayers."

"School 'kept' only three months during each winter. We boys suffered from a lack of adequate preparation for college. One winter our Mother fell seriously ill, exhausted by the cares of the home. To Evander and me and our eighty-year-old grandmother fell the duties of housekeeping and the preparation of meals. Father cared for Mother during the nights. She was sick for three years and died July 27, 1864. Two months after her death Father was stricken with paralysis and for some time was as helpless as a little child. I was the main dependence not only for nursing Father but for work on the farm. David had left home and Evander was too young but I, a lad of fourteen, was strong and willing. All this meant, however, that from the age of eleven to nineteen, my schooling was very spotty. Even so, at the age of nineteen I secured a certificate to teach school and taught three months, one term, at the Grand River District. Father had married again and I was relieved to a large extent of home responsibilities. But I have ever been grateful for my training in my

home. I learned to make bread, pies and cakes. I tried to keep the house clean and neat. I swept, mopped, washed, ironed, made beds and kept up the fires in the winter."

"I have been sorry that I did not learn to read widely in my youth. My parents were good, hard working, sensible folks but they had few books in the home. Religious scruples forbade the reading of novels and I was not urged to read other books."

"I certainly inherited a large measure of diffidence from my parents. I was shy when it came to acquaintance with the girls of the neighborhood. I have recently been reminded of the lines which were written about me and read at a school exhibition:

There's Dennis straight and tall;
He cares for girls, no, not at all;
He goes to school to improve his mind,
Not the pretty girls to find.

I was also shy when visitors came to our home. I was glad to see them but tried to keep out of the way. Father especially was glad to welcome casual visitors. Ministers, colporters, book agents and peddlars came our way. Even tramps spotted our house as an easy mark. Occasionally solicitors for funds came along. I remember the call of one agent from Painesville Girls' Seminary. He stayed with us overnight. He was after funds. Father, more or less playfully, objected to giving anything for the education of girls! He wanted his boys to go to college. But so earnestly did the agent plead, stressing the fact that these boys should look forward to having cultured wives, that Father subscribed fifty dollars. I am glad to say that he paid it in full. Later my brother, Evander, married a Painesville graduate, Josephine Bateham!"

"The visitor that made the most striking impression on us boys was Mills Smith, a Negro from Oberlin. At that time Negroes were not often seen in that part of the country. This fellow was a real black man. Astonishment mingled with fear as we looked at him. The Indians of the region were rapidly disappearing. Old settlers amused us with Indian stories. We got the impression that the whites and the Indians in that area had not fought each other. A daughter of a neighbor had married an Indian and 'lived happily ever afterward.'"

"The annual County Agricultural Fair was a great event for

us boys. It was always held at Garrettsville in the Autumn. One year Father gave each of us boys a sheep. I took good care of mine for three years and then exchanged it for two white-faced calves. I broke them to the yoke and after a few months sold them and bought a pair of fullblooded Durham yearling steers. I paid forty-six dollars for the steers. They were pretty wild but I broke them to the yoke and took such good care of them that they became very gentle. I could even drive them anywhere without a yoke. I exhibited them several times at the County Fair and was very proud that they took first prize on two occasions. I finally sold the pair to Horace Ford of Parkham for two hundred dollars."

"Nelson Ledges, composed of pebbly rock, had numerous caverns and shady nooks. There was pure spring water. Flowers and ferns were in abundance. It was a famous resort for northern Ohio folk, a favorite picnic spot. One of the main roads to the Ledges passed our house. This fact led Father and us boys into trouble occasionally with men who had become intoxicated during their holiday making. I remember several unpleasant incidents. As a boy I was exposed in this way to the vulgarity and lawlessness caused by the liquor traffic and have never ceased to do all in my power to suppress it."

"To our pastor, Rev. Benjamin Fenn, I owed my first thought regarding the Christian ministry. He was a good pastor, a frequent visitor in our home, especially during Mother's prolonged illness. According to custom in those days school children were called upon for declamations at community gatherings of various kinds. I was stirred to patriotic fervor as stories of the Civil War, then in progress, reached our ears. One of my declamations was devoted to a ringing call for more volunteers for the Northern Army. Pastor Fenn thought I had done well and came to me afterward to say that he thought I ought to think of the ministry as a vocation. I was impressed by what he said. His suggestion struck me as utterly beyond my powers. I had united with the church when I was thirteen and evidently commended myself to Pastor Fenn as a serious-minded boy. I have never ceased to be grateful to him and have tried to show my gratitude through the years by making similar suggestions to promising boys in every one of the parishes I have served. It has been a great joy to me to see some favorable responses."

“Aunt Mary Brown Crawford, Mother’s younger sister, figured largely in our early life. She was a fine school teacher and lived with us for a while before Mother’s death, until she married Uncle Cyrenus Crawford in 1859. Her home, not far from ours, was a haven for me. She took great interest in us boys, especially during Mother’s long illness and afterwards. She mended our clothes; shared with us her few luxuries and made us feel as if we were her own children. In later years I was glad that Abby and I named our second daughter for her, Mary Brown Goodsell.”

“Mother’s death and Father’s crippling illness seemed like overwhelming disaster to me. I wanted to get an education and become a minister. Father’s health improved somewhat. He was able to walk with crutches. Apparently he had great vitality. In 1866 he married again and seemed to take new interest in life. He was then forty-six years of age. He owned 220 acres of land although he could not work the farm. So Father yielded to the persuasion of a friend in Warren to invest in the shoe business. Our farm was rented and we went to live in Warren. For two years I was involved as a clerk in the shoe store which Father had bought. But neither David nor I wanted to stay by the store. David wanted to study law and I was determined to study for the ministry. So after two years Father sold the shoe store and went back to Nelson, where he lived in a rented house near the home of Uncle Cyrenus and Aunt Mary. Evander had stayed with them when Father had moved to Warren. Twin girls had been born to Father and his wife, Milly, in Warren.”

“David went to study law at Ann Arbor, Michigan and I did what I could to get ready to enter Oberlin College. I attended Warren High School for a while. Then I went to the private academy which had been established in Nelson. David soon tired of study at Ann Arbor and suddenly decided to go West. Somehow or other he got to New York and sailed for San Francisco to seek a fortune. Ultimately he got into the lumber business in Oregon and Washington. At the time of his death in 1913 he was living in Portland, Oregon.”

“I thought about Hiram College where David had gone to school for a few months. I thought of Western Reserve College then at Hudson, now at Cleveland, and walked there and back (32 miles) while I was teaching at Grand River, to inquire about

conditions of entrance. I made a similar visit to Oberlin College and found that by teaching district school three months of every year during college vacations and by careful economizing I could hope to get through Oberlin. In the summer of 1869 I worked as a day laborer, digging ditches and taking care of seven cows. I set out for Oberlin in the autumn with eighty-five dollars in my pocket. That money and my muscles were about the extent of my resources!"

CHAPTER III

College Years

AS I went to Oberlin College, I realized how much I owed to my home and to the Nelson Church and its pastor. I must live for a purpose, I said to myself. My aim must be to serve my Heavenly Father. I was determined to get all the good I could out of college life. I was prepared to live most economically. I was willing to deny myself in many ways so as to get through college. The Nelson Church had taught me that religion is not a mere outward achievement but a vital and essential element in happy and successful living. I bore the marks of the Puritan men and women who had settled in the Ohio country. I had a realistic idea of the struggle between good and evil, born of familiar contact with men and boys in Portage County, some of whom had not been as fortunate as I in having a Christian home.

I entered Oberlin College as a crude, untutored, timid young man but with a great purpose in life. Neither friend nor foe, neither adversity nor lure of money could dissuade me from it. I had no ambition to gain wealth or honor. I felt that God had called me to be a minister and I knew that the supply of ministers for country churches was very inadequate.

I was very fortunate in having in my pocket as I went to Oberlin letters of introduction from my pastor, Rev. Henry Matson, to two of his friends in Oberlin, Mrs. Yulia Smith and Dr. Morgan. Mrs. Smith did what she could to help students who were preparing to be ministers. For four years I lived in her home. She charged me two dollars a week for a room. She gave me fifteen cents an hour for work in her garden. One summer I shingled her roof and did quite a number of odd jobs about the house.

My mood and attitude during college years toward an easy life seem to me now to be pretty well summed up in the first oration I gave in the College Chapel at the monthly rhetoricals. I chose the topic "Conveniences Are Not Always Necessities." How I did ring the changes on that subject! I said, "Our Fathers might have been limited by necessity, but if so who of us believes that they would have accomplished more or even as much as they did

had they possessed all the conveniences which we enjoy? . . . If the improvements of the age tend to make labor light and the acquisition of wealth easy, to furnish luxuries in abundance, then there will be greater temptation to a life of ease. If conscience does not limit us in the use of our means, pointing out to us the real necessities of life, better were it for us not to possess more than our fathers. "To whom much is given, from him much will be required." "

At college I stood in awe of President Fairchild. He and his predecessor, Charles G. Finney, had added to the fame of Oberlin College throughout America. Fairchild became president when Finney retired in 1866 at the age of seventy-four. But Finney continued to preach at the First Congregational Church in Oberlin until his death in 1875, the year I graduated. A severe testing was given me by Mr. Finney when I brought my church letter and asked to be received into membership. His piercing eyes seemed to look right through me as he asked, "Have you ever led anyone to Christ?" I was glad to say that I had. I told him I had helped my brother Evander to become a Christian. Several of the boys of my Sunday School classes had also become professing Christians.

President Finney had "set the tone" of Oberlin evangelical theology. The College had been founded in 1832. Finney had established the theological department and from 1835 till his death, in class room and in pulpit, in revival services in many cities in America and during two visits to England he had wielded immense influence for good.

To Oberlin College I owe more than I can say. Christianity gripped the hearts and lives of young people in those days. To live at all was to be a Christian. Academic studies were designed to prepare one for Christian living and service. Oberlin graduates were imbued not only with the spirit of knowledge and understanding but also with the love and devotion to Christ and His Kingdom. To study and work and live for seven years in that environment gave me a good foundation for my life.

There were thirty men and twenty women in my class. The men whom I came to know best were Chamberlain the butcher, Allen the surgeon, Rogers the inventor of the linotype, Starr the Chicago attorney, McClelland the college president, Peck the

professor and Flet the judge. I was one of several to enter the ministry. Others were Painter, Orvis, Bricket, Burnell, Ryder and Hart.

Oberlin College began as a coeducational, interracial school. Neither women nor Negroes up to that time had been deemed worthy of higher education. The ideals of the College in these respects as well as in its emphasis upon the place of personal religious experience in education were maintained at no small cost. I was glad that my bride-to-be, Abby Manchester Field, and her brother Fred, had the privileges of Oberlin. I was glad, too, that my brother Evander and his bride-to-be also graduated from Oberlin. I have reason to know that the ideals of Oberlin College, so sturdily sustained by the godly citizens, teachers and ministers at Oberlin across the years, have served our country well. For seven years Oberlin was my home in more ways than one. For all my life it has been my spiritual home.

I sang in the big choir at Oberlin for six years. The last year and a half I was in the semichorus, a very special privilege. The first year that I sang in the choir, I noticed a young girl who had an unusually good voice. She had curls and seemed very unassuming. She was thirteen years old at that time. I came to know her brother Fred who was a clerk in the post office and her father, Alden Field, who did whatever his hands found to do, while his wife Sarah Carver Field and he tried to put their two children through college. During the last year of my life at Oberlin, I was a frequent visitor in the Field home. Abby had great attraction for me. I used to take her to concerts and lectures and occasionally I borrowed a rig and we went riding. In February 1877 I wrote to her in Los Angeles whither she had gone with her parents after her graduation and popped the question. We became engaged. I was very happy. Abby was well educated. She was familiar with the church and its work. She was a singer and was familiar with instrumental music. She was a good teacher. She went with her parents one year to teach in American Missionary Association Schools in the South, especially at Talledega. She fully shared my ideals and has been through the years a wonderful companion and helpmeet.

CHAPTER IV

Experiences of a Wandering Theologue

FATHER'S memoirs recording his experiences as a theologue during the years 1875-1879 give me the impression that he was very happy. He thoroughly enjoyed himself and was fascinated not only by new vistas of study but by the new and somewhat strange sights of his expanding world. He writes very fully of these years. From his notes it is clear that he did not let his theological studies interfere with his "higher" education!

He chose to take his first year of theological study at Oberlin. That choice seems to have been made rather perfunctorily but during the year the pull of the unknown and a certain restlessness led him to decide to go to Yale Divinity School in New Haven, Connecticut, for his second year.

After graduation from college in June 1875 he went back to Nelson where he worked six weeks on the old farm. He was glad to renew home ties, especially with Evander and his father and with Uncle Cyrenus and Aunt Mary Crawford. When he went back to Oberlin he was assigned a room in Council Hall, the main theological seminary building erected as a reminder of the historic first meeting of the National Council of Congregational Churches at Oberlin in 1871. He calls the roll of his professors whom he says were "noble men." He gives the names of several of his classmates with whom he kept in touch for many years: William B. Chamberlain, Thomas McClelland, J. Dobson Mills, Hobart Painter, Harlan P. Roberts, C. J. Ryder, Gurney Orvis, L. J. Nettleton, H. W. George, Isaac Cory.

Father was especially pleased to have several opportunities to preach during that first year. On his twenty-sixth birthday, February 27, 1876, he preached in his home church in Nelson. Later he preached at Henrietta and at Pittsfield. He was somewhat upset at the latter place where he was to preach in the afternoon. He attended the morning service only to find himself pressed into duty when the man who was preaching, Mr. George, collapsed in the midst of his sermon. Father caught him in his arms as he was falling to the floor. Father takes occasion to remark that

throughout his long ministry he has always been able to carry through every service without interruption.

Two months of the summer of 1876 found Father on the farm again, haying and doing other farm work. He supplied the pulpit in nearby Garrettsville for two Sundays that summer, then set out for Connecticut, the land of six generations of his ancestors. On the way he visited the Great Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia. His Uncle James and his wife and a few classmates took that part of the trip with him. He writes: "My delight in viewing the wonderful sights abides. The Liberty Bell and Independence Hall were visited. The great Corliss Engine and also the sculptures impressed me. Never had I seen the like."

At New Haven he was assigned Room 26 in old Divinity Hall. "Everything including the friendliness of professors and fellow-students was delightful. . . . I could study with great delight. I was faithful in attending the lectures and enjoyed the year very much. Samuel Harris, George P. Fisher and Leonard Bacon were inspiring teachers."

In between times he engaged in a variety of activities. He joined the North Congregational Church and attended regularly except when on duty elsewhere. He taught a class in a mission Sunday School. He looked up the old Goodsell homestead in nearby East Haven where Thomas Goodsell two hundred years before had lived, the first Goodsell ancestor to arrive in America. He attended the notable annual meeting of the American Board held that year (1876) at Hartford. He boated on the Sound and hiked in the woods. He mentions two academic tasks which evidently made a lasting impression upon him. He wrote a paper on the Waldenses for Prof. Fisher. He read Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

"Two strange men appeared in our class one morning: Superintendents Cobb of Minnesota and Warren of California. They were after men for vacation work among the weak churches of their states—on the frontier. I was booked for Lac Qui Parle in Minnesota, an old Mission Station of the American Board. The country was being occupied by white settlers."

When Middle Year at Yale was over Father set out on his long journey westward. He went by boat to New York where he found

a night's lodging for ten cents. There he met up with a classmate, M. A. Crawford. It was Sunday. They went to hear Henry Ward Beecher "who dealt with the great question of perfection, in something of a critical attitude toward Oberlin." In the evening they heard Richard Storrs. He preached on the Twenty-third Psalm. "My classmate Crawford later became a missionary in Hermosillo, Mexico, but died early in mid-life. . . . I took the upper route to Minnesota via Buffalo, Canada, Detroit, Ann Arbor, Chicago, Minneapolis; it was a famous ride for me, costing sixteen of the fifty dollars the missionary society had advanced me. I journeyed another 150 miles northwest to Benson, where I got a seat with the driver of a freight wagon to Montevideo. The minister there, Rev. O. A. Starr took me twelve miles up the Minnesota River to Lac Qui Parle, my destination."

"It was wonderful out-of-doors country. How glorious was the music of nature! To breathe the exhilarating atmosphere . . . The plover and the meadowlark and the robin filled the air with their songs. How free and good I felt! But that summer the grasshoppers descended upon us and consumed all vegetation. I tackled my work in earnest. I had services of worship and preaching each Sunday and conducted Sunday School. Boarding at the local hotel I could see was out of the question. I found an upstairs room without a stove where I could stay. I had one meal a day at the hotel. For the rest I had bread and milk and eggs in my room. I remember that I received fifty cents one day from the poorest man in the parish, and I could only explain the sacrifice of this brother by the spirit of the woman in Scripture who had been forgiven much."

"One day Superintendent Cobb wrote to ask me to meet him at Montevideo, twelve miles away. I did not want to give up my evening service, so after church I set out in the dark on a fine borrowed Indian pony. I followed a trail I knew. At one point the pony insisted on leaving the trail. I compelled him to get down into it and stay there. Presently the effusions of a skunk filled my face and covered my clothes and the pony. The Minnesota River, the nearest water, was six miles away. I needed water so much to allay my sufferings! I remembered the Apostle's exhortation to endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

When I had crossed the river on a ferry and reached my destination a little before dawn I tied my pony at a haystack and crawled into the granary to get a little rest. In the morning I was ushered into the house nearby for breakfast with a number of other guests and was given the Bible and asked to conduct family worship. That too was a part of hardship considering the condition I was in but I didn't falter!"

"Superintendent Cobb wanted me to undertake work at Fergus Falls on the Red River. I agreed to do so after a few weeks' interval. I wanted to visit the Sisson Indian Agency in Dakota where my classmate, H. H. Hart was at work. That was an exciting adventure. The first night some Indians stole the halter of my riding pony while we were watching their famous war dance."

"At a station forty miles from Fergus Falls, as I was on my way thither, I met a young missionary pastor, Thornton Mills, the brother of the distinguished evangelist, B. Fay Mills. Friendly folk met me the first Sunday at Fergus Falls. This was a beautiful spot compared with Lac Qui Parle. The roaring falls of the Red River and the hundreds of little lakes in the extensive woods gave the region its name, 'The Park Region of the North.' I was happy to serve here. But I had two very special reasons for happiness: Superintendent Cobb wanted me to be ordained and become the settled pastor of the Church at Fergus Falls. Second, Miss Abby Field had answered my plea and was coming from Los Angeles to be my bride. I had intended to return to New Haven to complete my theological course, my third year, but Providence led me in another path."

"On October 2, 1877 a Council of the ministers of the churches of the region convened at Fergus Falls. For three hours I was asked questions as to my experience, motives for wanting to be a minister and theological views. The Council voted approval. In the evening the ordination service was held. I was grateful not only to Superintendent Cobb but also especially to Rev. J. L. Fonda and Rev. Simon P. Smith who laid kindly hands upon my head. I still have a copy of the sermon preached that evening from the text in Phil. ii: 12, 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.' That is what I have tried to do!"

"Seventeen days later, October 19, 1877 at Morris, Minnesota

where Rev. J. L. Fonda was pastor, Abby Field and I were united in marriage. She had arrived in Morris from Los Angeles on time but her trunk containing her wedding dress had been missent! My Prince Albert coat was in a trunk in New Haven! That made us even! However, we went ahead with the wedding, Rev. Mr. Fonda officiating."

"‘Sunshine’ Williams of Minneapolis, dear Oberlin friend to us both, knew of our wedding, sent railway tickets to Minneapolis and return to Fergus Falls. That was our honeymoon. He was always planning good things for some one!"

"At Fergus Falls I faced what seemed to me momentous tasks. I was greatly encouraged by the attitude of the people. I was pleased that the Presbyterian Church there wanted to hold union services. We had a full house every Sunday evening. My preaching was appreciated. I visited several neighboring churches by request. I remember two sermon topics I used, one emphasizing the Christian view of the Sabbath and the other stating the Christian view of salvation—‘The soul that sinneth, it shall die.’"

"I must not forget to record my delight in fishing at Fergus Falls. No one really knows any thing about fishing until he has gone fishing in Minnesota! In the spring below the dam in Fergus Falls the river is full of many varieties of fish of all sizes. Sturgeon, buffalo fish, pickerel were most common. And then there was great fishing in the lakes of that region. I wrote my Uncle Samuel about it, but he could hardly believe me!"

"I hadn't forgotten that I lacked one year of completing my theological course. Under the circumstances I did not see how I could go back to New Haven. I took counsel with the church folk and with Superintendent Cobb. I was advised to go to Chicago Theological Seminary. I left Abby in the company of Sister Underwood, a capable nurse, and on September 9, 1878 took my departure for Chicago. I greatly profited by the instruction of President Fisk and his colleagues. I was awarded the degree of Bachelor of Divinity in April 1879."

"When our daughter, Helen Lydia, born October 7, 1878 was seven weeks old, mother and daughter joined me in Chicago. We lived with two friends from Fergus Falls who were also studying in Chicago that winter. I taught night school for three

months. I had numerous preaching appointments. We lived very simply and worked hard. We made many friends, among them Dr. Lemuel Hammond of Worcester, Massachusetts, an uncle of Abby's. Only two of my Chicago Seminary classmates are living today (1937)."

Minnesota, a Pioneer State

MINNESOTA became a state in 1857. Railroad building was interrupted by the financial panic of that year, and for a few years the settlement of uncultivated land in the state slowed down. The population in 1858 was approximately 150,000 but before long many Scandinavian and German immigrants arrived. The Red River valley on the western border was a great attraction. New industries were springing up on the eastern border along the Mississippi and its tributaries. Over 20,000 soldiers from Minnesota participated in the Civil War, and simultaneously the State crushed a rebellion among the Sioux Indians who resented the occupation of their happy hunting grounds by white men. All these conditions made the State pioneer territory for the Christian Church. The years that Father and Mother spent in Minnesota, 1877-1882, were years during which they shared the hardships and the thrills of pioneer life.

Father had two pastorates in Minnesota after completing his theological course in the spring of 1879. He began his work at Montevideo May 1 of that year. He knew the Montevideo area from the few months he had worked at nearby Lac Qui Parle but he had not understood well the church situation at Montevideo when he was called—or assigned—to that parish. The Congregational Church in Montevideo was the first Protestant church to be organized there (1872). They began and continued for several years to worship in the schoolhouse. Father was told that this was soon to be sold. Meanwhile the Methodists and the Baptists were active. The Methodists had completed their building though it was not fully paid for. The Congregationalists were not ready to build. Father's predecessor, Rev. O. A. Starr and Superintendent Cobb urged the Church to continue for the time being to use the schoolhouse and to devote attention to outside districts where no Christian services were available.

Father writes: "We had meetings for prayer and I aided other pastors in Montevideo in revivals and social work, served the community in various ways and officiated at weddings and funerals. I visited my former parish, Lac Qui Parle, and held revival

services there. I organized Sunday Schools in three different neighborhoods near Montevideo. Our work of seed sowing was not in vain, for today not only is there a strong Congregational Church in Montevideo, but Windham College has been carried on for a number of years in this strategic place."

"Our son, Fred Field, was born September 21, 1880. We were glad that Mother Field could visit us from August until March 1. It was hard to keep the house warm. The wood that I had cut in the river bottom was only partially seasoned. I remember that the evangelist, Rev. K. A. Burnell, visited us. We could not make him very comfortable in our spare chamber with only a little footlog stove. I recall that my health suffered that winter. I tried to take out a life insurance policy but was not considered a good risk."

"The winter of 1881-1882 was a terrible winter—seven months long! On my return from the annual conference in Northfield the first week of October, I was detained two days by a snow blockade. The last week of April I was caught in another bad snow storm. Living conditions were indeed difficult. The snow piled up over our front door. In the barnyard for weeks I could not see the pig, so deeply was his pen buried in the snow. He received his food with a grateful grunt! That let me know that he was there! When in the spring he did come to view, he was fat! Our cow and horse were cared for with great difficulty. One day I responded to a call for a funeral service twenty miles distant in twenty degrees below zero weather. I had to make the journey on horseback. It was tough going."

"We could see that Minnesota had a great future. The rich virgin soil could sustain a vast population of happy people. We were glad to have had even a small part in laying foundations for Christianity in that area."

"In April 1882 I was happy to accept a call to the Congregational Church in Hamilton, in Fillmore County, one of the counties on the Iowa border. The change to a warmer climate and a less exacting parish was welcome. The Church was made up largely of people from New England. There was a good parsonage and a fine house of worship. I was all set for a busy and happy pastorate. But Mother Field's visit with us had encouraged Abby to think of California as our future home. I was loath to

leave Hamilton but it seemed best to plan to go to California."

"We wanted to visit the old home in Ohio before we went. So we bundled up the babies and set out for Nelson, Ohio. We visited relatives along the way—at St. Paul (Cousin Henry Field), at Huron, Ohio (Brother Evander), at Oberlin, and then to Nelson and vicinity. We were very happy to see Father and his twin daughters, now fifteen years old, Uncle Elliot and Aunt Clarissa, Uncle Cyrenus and Aunt Mary, Uncle James and Aunt Sarah and many other relatives. I preached one Sunday in the home church and celebrated communion. Columbus Fuller, a neighbor's son, who later became a missionary of the American Board in Southern Rhodesia, Africa was present that Sunday. Father, due to ill health, was not able to be present. We celebrated his sixty-second birthday before we left. We bade all an affectionate farewell."

"At Chicago Abby and the babies boarded an emigrant train bound for Los Angeles. They were seventeen days on the way. I returned to Hamilton and continued my ministry there until November. I preached my farewell sermon, using Jude 21 as my text, 'Keep yourselves in the love of God.' "

"A peculiar fascination for Minnesota lingers in our memory, notwithstanding its rigorous climate. Here I was ordained and married. Here our two older children were born. Abby had spent six years in her childhood with her parents in Faribault. A distant cousin, Deacon Goodsell, had helped to found Carleton College at Northfield. We have continued to be thankful for Minnesota and what it did for us."

CHAPTER VI

Getting Started in California

FATHER'S twelve California pastorates from 1882 to 1918 embraced a great variety of experiences. From the sunny south to the rugged north, from the central Sierras to several points on the fertile central plain, with a final fling at old San Juan Bautista in the Coast Range, usually with his family but sometimes alone, Father kept steadily at his ministry. He showed dogged determination to communicate the spirit of Jesus to all with whom he came in contact, be they rich or poor, saints or sinners, laborers or capitalists, farmers or professional men. All sorts and conditions of men made up the human field to which he felt himself called as a minister of the Gospel. I think Father did his most effective work in meeting people. He did much pastoral calling. He went out of his way to chat with a man ploughing his field or tending sheep or cutting wood. He often went "down town" prepared to spend time in conversation with a man who would not come to church on Sunday but who was glad to talk with the "preacher" in his store or blacksmith shop or livery stable. He found men where they were and brought religion to them in their daily work. He was not a brilliant nor a sensational preacher. His sermons were carefully prepared and delivered with conviction. They were scriptural, full of homely illustrations and turns of thought that helped people in practical difficulties. But it was not easy to get men to come to church in any of his parishes. There were the faithful few and plenty of women and children. To reach the men he had to find them and do what he could for them on weekdays.

As I think of Father's California parishes, they fall into several types. There were the valley fields: Tulare and Tipton, Ceres, Byron and Bethany, Black Diamond (now Pittsburg), Cottonwood; there were the Sierra mining and lumber camps: Murphys, Angels' Camp, Picard, Beckwith; there was Westminster in Los Angeles County, unique in its New England flavor; there were Lodi and Lockeford in the very rich and prosperous San Joaquin County; there was San Juan Bautista, a village in the Coast Range near one of the old Spanish Missions. Father re-

sponded to the "calls" from the churches in these places, always after consultation with the Superintendent of the California aided churches. He was willing to go where he could be of service. In spite of family responsibilities he never raised the issue of salary, relying upon the judgment of the Superintendent. He loved his family and was glad to have their help in his work. Mother was a great help with the church music and occasional concerts and special services at Christmas and Easter. Helen learned to play the organ for church services. Father said to me when I was ten years old that he would give me five dollars when I was able to play the organ for church services in certain places where he could not expect to find an organist! We all went to midweek prayer meeting, even taking the twins when they were very small. He wanted us to "take part" and thus to encourage others to speak or pray.

Father believed in arranging for occasional revival services in his parishes. He welcomed men like William Cooke and Loyal Wirt of the Sunday School Movement who would come to visit and work with young people and organize new Sunday Schools in remote places. He often shared in revival services with the ministers of other denominations.

TULARE AND TIPTON. "Before setting out for California Superintendent J. H. Warren had sent me a call to the church at Tulare City in the lower San Joaquin Valley. This church had been organized in 1874 but in 1882 had a membership of twelve only. The Sunday School was carried on by two young ladies. I knew little else about the parish."

"Ten days in emigrant trains took me to my destination. I preached on Sunday to the passengers in the noisy train. I had a humiliating experience at Council Bluffs, Iowa where I had to change trains. My baggage reached that point in a rather dilapidated condition. One had to take along his food and bedding on such a trip. I had put some cans of maple syrup which Aunt Mary had given me into my bedding roll. The cans had leaked, so I had a sweet mess! I have had the idea in my preaching that in the Other World we have to sleep in the bed which we make in this world!"

"I enjoyed the slow journey into the Great West. I was im-

mensely pleased with my first glimpses of California. It is indeed a land of beauty, of sunshine, fruit and flowers. After five years of 'crab apple experience' in Minnesota, California amazed and delighted me."

"My ticket to California cost me seventy dollars. I had sold for five hundred dollars a small lot and house in Montevideo, into which I had put my slender savings but that minus the price of my railroad ticket was all I had to begin life with in California. After leaving Sacramento the train soon passed through Lodi and Stockton. I couldn't understand then why people thereabouts left their melons to go to waste! After I left Lathrop to travel southward to Tulare I realized that we were passing through what seemed to be a hot desert. At Merced I extravagantly paid fifty cents for supper. The whole area seemed very desolate and grew more so as we approached Tulare."

"It cheered me greatly to find Abby and the children at Tulare. They had arrived from Los Angeles ahead of me. John Reed, a member of the Church, found me and told me that they were staying at the home of Mr. Hiram Moor. Imagine my joy in being with them after several months absence!"

"California was a new world for Abby and myself. We could not get accustomed to the many saloons in this little town of 1,500 inhabitants. We couldn't accept calmly the way most people ignored the church and desecrated the Sabbath. The town was a division point for the Southern Pacific Railroad. So we had a roundhouse and machine shops. This brought to the town a class of people who worked hard and drank hard. However there were people like Deacon Mead who stood by the Church. Mr. Rankin, the first pastor, had started the work as a Community Church. He was followed by Rev. F. H. Wales. But after six years church membership was very small. Many people who came to church and shared in its services hesitated to stand up and be counted!"

"A church building had been constructed, leaving a corner lot for a parsonage. I was asked to raise money for this. After a year the money was found and the house was built only to go up in smoke one evening less than three months after we occupied it. All of us were at prayer meeting when the fire started. We saved



“THE LITTLE RED HOUSE UNDER THE HILL”



ABBY FIELD



DENNIS GOODSSELL

AT OBERLIN COLLEGE

1873



DENNIS GOODSSELL AND FAMILY AT LODI, CALIFORNIA

1894

very little and with difficulty volunteer firemen saved the church building itself. We never ceased to be grateful for the help which First Church in San Francisco and Plymouth Church in Oakland gave us in this emergency. I was especially unfortunate to have lost all my few precious books and my sermons and college and seminary notebooks. Within two years the church folk built another parsonage. Interest in what the Church stood for began to increase even though a survey of the town showed that less than five per cent of the population cared about public worship at all. We were not in the mining area but the gold rush of the fifties had not been forgotten. People were hellbent on getting gold in some form or other. This was true all over the state as I learned when I attended the annual state association meeting in Santa Cruz in 1883. Many people from the eastern states had come to California with the idea that quickly gotten wealth would solve their difficulties. Tulare people for the most part were railroad personnel, farmers or small business men. They either 'postponed' their interest in religion to a day when they might have leisure or they just didn't care how they lived. Even so, faithful work brought some results. Church membership increased to fifty during my pastorate and my emphasis upon the Sunday School and upon temperance work arrested the attention of many who never came to church. Rev. F. H. Wales, my predecessor, edited a paper devoted to the cause of temperance. Frances Willard, the great leader of the W.C.T.U. visited us in 1885. She knew as we did that saloons are the plague spots in a community, the enemy of youth and roadblocks to prosperity and wholesome community life. Her address in our Church gave us a great lift."

"There were four hundred Chinese laborers in Tulare—just a few of the thousands that had come to California in the fifties and sixties. Dr. W. C. Pond, a representative of the American Missionary Association, provided a teacher for them in Tulare and built a chapel. A Chinese Christian was in charge. I remember that I received six Chinese into our Church one Sunday."

"In 1884 I responded to Dr. Warren's suggestion that I see what I could do to organize a church in the new little town of Tipton, ten miles south of Tulare. The meeting for organization was held in the Lipscomb Hotel. A church building was completed and

dedicated in the spring of 1885. For two years I drove to Tipton each Sunday for an afternoon service. The Church there has continued to be a Community Church to this day (1936)."

"The San Joaquin Valley Association of Congregational Churches held its meeting in 1885 at Tulare. I remember with special pleasure my fellowship with Rev. William N. Meserve of Fresno, Rev. E. C. Eckles of Hanford and Rev. Charles Lane of Tipton."

"Summer weather in Tulare was exhausting. I took the family one summer for a three weeks' vacation up into the Sierras near Frazier's Mills but we needed a permanent change of climate. So I was glad after four years to accept a call to the Congregational Church at Westminster in Los Angeles County."

THE WESTMINSTER INTERLUDE. It is fairly clear from Father's notes that he regarded his two years, 1886-1888, at Westminster, Los Angeles County as an interlude between two rather strenuous pastorates. The climate at Tulare had been hard on the health of the whole family, including his own. Without realizing how much it meant to Mother as well as to himself, he describes his brief ministry at Westminster as a real relief. The garden groves of southern California were very pleasant.

Not until 1886 was California, Congregationally speaking, divided into two associations of churches. Dr. Warren of San Francisco did not want to lose Father from the ministry of the churches of the north, so kept him informed of openings for service in his bailiwick.

"Westminster unlike Tulare," writes father, "was largely of a rural population. It was a colony of good people with small holdings. Artesian water was available for irrigation of orchards and alfalfa patches. People of small means could make a comfortable living in which cows and chickens played no small part. The community was predominantly Presbyterian, but a Congregational Church had been organized in 1888. We discovered that there was little room for growth. I found a Quaker neighborhood that wanted my services regularly. I 'explored' unchurched areas where I held occasional services of worship. One such area had a new center called Buena Park where in due time I organized a church which has had a fine record. It began with nineteen mem-

bers. At Westminster I emphasized the work of the Sunday School. In this and in other aspects of the work of the church, I had the hearty support of Deacon Mack and his family. They were wonderful people. Deacon Mack himself was recognized by the Association as a very wise, devoted Christian layman. He was one of the three men appointed by the Association to search for a suitable site for the college the Congregationalists proposed to establish. That Committee showed good judgement in selecting Claremont where Pomona College has made a wonderful record."

"Our third child, a daughter, whom we named Mary, was born at Westminster September 4, 1886. We were glad that Mother and Father Field could visit us when Mary was born. They had purchased a lot and built a comfortable house in Monrovia in the lovely foothill country about thirty miles north of Westminster. We were also greatly pleased that a little later Aunt Mary Crawford could come from Ohio to visit us. She was thrilled with southern California and went about to see as much of it as she could. Other relatives also came from the East to see us and the new Eldorado. The Henry Thayers and their son Guy, our cousins, enjoyed their experiences and wanted to settle down. In order to make their visit as enjoyable as possible, I purchased an Indian pony and a canopy-topped buggy for their immediate use and for our own. That pony we called 'Old Lill.' She served us well for sixteen years. She was a thickset chunk of a horse—smart, tough and gentle, with a long black mane and tail. How the children came to love her! She really became a member of the Goodsell family. She never failed to pull us through. She had an appetite for most everything—grass, hay, straw, stubble, weeds, table scraps, milk and especially barley. Our carriage drawn by Old Lill was a familiar sight in at least five of our parishes. And that buggy was used to haul most everything, summer and winter."

"I wasn't really happy in Westminster as far as the field was concerned. It was too easy, too limited, a bit too sophisticated for me, I guess. So after a pleasant interlude of two years, I was ready to respond to Dr. Warren's call to tackle work in Calaveras County in the Sierra Nevada mountains, 'up north.' I started out alone with Old Lill November 1, 1886 on the two weeks' journey to Murphys. I stopped over a day at Tulare to see friends and to preach in the beloved Church. It was a hard journey into

the mountains with the rainy season beginning but I made it in time to preach as agreed the second Sunday in November. The family joined me a few weeks later, coming by train to the nearest station, Milton, thirty miles from Murphys.”

Among California Lumbermen and Miners

THE famous Mother Lode of gold ore ran through several counties in the Sierra Nevada mountains and foothills in the east central part of California. Calaveras County, one of these, with a population in the eighteen eighties of 9,500 was a very rich though small (1,028 square miles) mining and forest area. Bret Harte, Mark Twain and John Muir had made it famous with their stories. The Calaveras Jumping Frog had jumped right into literature! There were many "roaring camps"! In 1888 there were still many mines and miners whose activities gave work to lumbermen, teamsters, blacksmiths, surveyors, forest rangers and the like as well as to some professional men and subsistence tradesmen. But the great days of the gold rush beginning in 1849 had passed, leaving ghost towns and ugly scars here and there among the foothills where hydraulic mining or abandoned shafts with their tailings were silent witnesses to great fortunes for some and poverty for others. Tourist traffic to the Calaveras groves of big trees (*sequoia gigantea*) had not yet been dreamed of.

Religion and the church, quite understandably, were not popular in such an environment. Nevertheless, Protestant missionaries and Roman Catholic priests had followed the eager pioneers into the mining and lumber camps and established churches here and there. By the eighteen eighties some of these churches had been closed and the buildings abandoned. Others struggled bravely on. When Father and his family went to Calaveras County in 1888, he was for a time the only Protestant minister in the whole county.

San Andreas was the County Seat but Angels Camp was the largest and most important town of what was left of the mining industry. Murphys (earlier known as Murphy's Camp) was a quiet little town ten miles east and further into the Sierras. Through Murphys passed the amazing loads of logs for timbering the mines around Angels Camp. I have very vivid memories of watching the drivers of teams of eight, ten, or twelve mules or horses pulling two wagons, one a trailer, both piled high with

pine logs. The best timber was cut for lumber, higher up in the mountains. Great loads of lumber alternated with loads of logs along the dusty roads to the mines and the railheads at Milton and Valley Springs.

Life was rugged and sometimes raw in Calaveras County. It was in those days an isolated area. Big, picturesque stages jounced and bounced over the rough roads, carrying the mail and whatever was shipped by Wells Fargo Express. It was a day's journey by stage to Milton down in the valley near the San Joaquin County line. One train a day from Milton made it possible to complete the sixty-mile journey from Murphys or Angels Camp to Stockton—a very big city to most travelers from the Sierra country! Not many people made the trip. Those who did go by stage were fascinated by the six-horse teams and the skilful drivers on the high seats. Sometimes robbers held up the stage and made off with the strongbox in spite of the guard with a rifle who sat by the driver looking for possible trouble. Ponderous freight wagons hauled all kinds of goods from warehouses at the railway termini to centers of distribution all over the county. It was not uncommon for a householder to order supplies two or three times a year from grocery or drygoods houses in Stockton or San Francisco.

It took Father a few months to adjust himself to this environment, to say nothing of Mother. But their courage and ingenuity never failed. The aspect of life that disturbed them most was the habits of drinking and gambling which seemed so much a part of the usual life of many of the people in every town and countryside. Along with this went almost complete disregard for the Church and the observance of Sunday as a day of rest and holiness. Saloons did big business every weekend. Drunken, besotted men were a common sight Saturday nights and Sundays. Fights were frequent. Sheriffs and their deputies had their hands full trying to keep even a semblance of order.

"A convenient and pleasantly located parsonage awaited us at Murphys," writes Father. "Our coming was the signal for many acts of kindness on the part of the little group of people who loved the church. A cord of wood from Mr. Tanner, a hen and ten chicks from Mrs. Davies, some honey and a side of bacon from a neighbor. (However, I had to give a twenty-dollar gold

piece for a ton of barley hay for Old Lill's winter fodder.) Even the worst element held the minister in kindly esteem, although their only demand upon him was for his presence at weddings and funerals."

"Murphys was a typical old placer mining camp which had survived strenuous experiences during the height of the gold rush in the fifties and sixties. The Congregational Church there dated from 1866. The nucleus of the membership of twenty-three persons as I found it in 1888 was two or three families from New England who had not forgotten their background of Christian piety. There were the Sangers, the Hurds, and the Harrises. There were also some people of Norwegian descent who maintained their thrifty and sterling character amid untoward circumstances. With these there were other families who prized the influence of the church in the little town and took pride in doing what they could to sustain its ministry."

"But Murphys was only our home base, as it were. Our field embraced the rapidly growing town of Angels Camp and the remnants of several other mining camps like Sheep Ranch, Douglas Flat, Vallecito, and Copperopolis. I was responsible also for whatever Christian worship and work could be provided for several settlements (one could not call them towns or even villages) known as Big Trees, Felix, Hemmings District, Avery's School House. There was very little industry as such apart from the mines. A foundry was the main business in Altaville near Angels Camp, the owner of which was a deacon of the little church there, Mr. Demorest."

"As I got acquainted with the field I realized that I had to operate as something of a circuit rider. At first it was agreed that I would conduct service every Sunday at Murphys alternating morning and evening. When I was not there in the morning, a deacon would take charge and read a sermon. I would plan to be in one or another of the centers in the afternoon and on alternate Sundays in a larger center, usually Angels Camp. My schedule would vary somewhat but I expected to preach at least three times, occasionally four times, each Sunday. That meant that I could visit some centers once a month, others once a fortnight, with a Sunday morning or evening each week at Murphys. I had no assistant, except as I called on local people to cooperate in

maintaining a Sunday School and a worship service in my absence. I did what I could to train Sunday School teachers and superintendents and to see that every Sunday School had Bibles and lesson helps."

"This kind of a program meant a lot of traveling for me. Old Lill and my buggy were a frequent sight along many roads. I could count on traveling about six miles an hour without overworking my faithful steed. I was usually alone but occasionally Abby or Helen or Fred would go with me for afternoon and evening services."

"I have mentioned Sunday Schools. It was my purpose to organize and encourage Sunday Schools wherever there was a reasonable hope of regular attendance and supervision. Children and young people were always dear to my heart. I knew they were the hope of a better way of life for any community. Occasionally I had the help of a Sunday School visitor from the national Home Missionary Society. I would put him through his paces in the whole field. He would advise me as to methods and materials and keep me in touch with the outside world, as it were. Occasionally he would organize a new Sunday School where he thought there ought to be one."

"Funerals and weddings called for the minister from far and near. In the interest of greater ease and speed for the horse I bought a cart, not exactly a race cart or sulky but a two-wheeled affair that easily carried two persons and a piece or two of baggage. I recall a ride in this vehicle that taught me several lessons. My appointment for a Sunday morning worship service in Sheep Ranch was at 10:30. I was asked to officiate at a wedding there at high noon. My evening appointment was at Copperopolis. By fairly good roads in a roundabout way it was forty miles from Sheep Ranch to Copperopolis. To go that way was of course out of the question. But I thought I knew a short cut. I was not very sure of the various turns of the road but I thought I could make it. I knew the compass directions and the general lay of the land. After a number of exits through pasture gates and through bridgeless streams late in the afternoon I came to a crossroads where I was hopelessly confused. I stopped to pray for guidance, then went on. I had gone but a short distance when lo! I saw a

familiar mountain peak. It was one of my trusted landmarks. New determination filled me. I pressed on and made Copperopolis just in time. It would be hard to describe but it is not hard to remember the twists and turns, bumps and blows that that cart gave me that day!"

"I have had many occasions to rejoice in answers to prayer. Hardships must be taken in stride and prayer always helps. On innumerable occasions when in danger of one thing or another, I have found it helpful to trust and obey the promptings of prayer. I have never been robbed while traveling alone in the mountains along lonely roads but I have often been aware of danger. Robberies and violence were not infrequent in those old haunts of wickedness. I once tried to help a Digger Indian who had been shot by a drunken miner in broad daylight. I got into trouble for what I did but it came out all right. The Indians were a badly persecuted lot. They knew I was their friend."

"During those strenuous six years in Calaveras County I had three happy vacations. In the summer of 1889 I took Abby and the children up to the Calaveras Big Trees. We had a lively time in those wonderful forests. The next year when Father and Mother Field were visiting us, I invited a Pacific Seminary student who had come to San Andreas for a few weeks' work, Mr. Newlands, to go with me to visit Yosemite Valley, about one hundred miles south of Murphys. I greatly enjoyed the days we spent in the Valley. We were gone altogether seventeen days. Newlands paid for the horse feed and for his own food. The whole trip cost me eleven dollars."

"In 1893 I made a never-to-be-forgotten trip to Ohio to visit my Father and any other friends I could find in Nelson or thereabouts. I had been in California about ten years but it seemed much longer. It was a happy experience for me to drive about the countryside with Father. I preached in the old Nelson Church and reveled in boyhood memories as I talked with the few remaining old settlers. This was my last sight of Father."

"On this trip East I visited the World's Fair in progress at Chicago, spending some hours at the Congress of Religions. I went out to the Seminary near Old First Church where I had graduated. I heard the great Theodore Cuyler preach. I also vis-

ited Oberlin and my brother Evander who was a practicing physician at nearby Norwalk. He and his wife, Josephine, were very kind to me. He set me up with a little medicine chest."

"On my return to Murphys I found that Mary needed medical attention. She had fallen and injured her back. Rheumatism was causing her great discomfort. I took her to see a specialist in San Francisco. We made many such trips during the next ten years. She never fully recovered from that illness but our home was made very happy with her sweet presence, even though she suffered. Ruth and Ralph, twins, came to bless our home October 8, 1893. Their arrival was indeed a great event. They have been wonderful companions through the years."

"During the winter of 1893-1894 I began to think seriously of seeking another parish, one not so far distant from a railroad. It was not easy to leave our mountain home. We had enjoyed our six years in that wonderful country. Deacon Elliott of the Congregational Church in Lodi with whom I had become acquainted at various church association gatherings suggested that I might be invited to Lodi if it were known that I was willing to leave Murphys."

"I felt that my work with young people in Calaveras County had been the most significant aspect of my ministry. I had fostered ten Sunday Schools at different points. I had organized the church at Angels Camp. I had received forty-five persons into the two churches. I have taken the greatest satisfaction in keeping in touch with some of those young people who have grown in grace and in the knowledge of God and who have continued to serve the Kingdom of God in one way or another in various parts of California."

Following the Gleam

FATHER'S name first appears in the records of the Congregational General Association of California on page six of the minutes of the twenty-seventh annual meeting held with the Congregational Church in Santa Cruz October 9-12, 1883. Mother's brother, Frederic Field, pastor of the Congregational Church in National City, near San Diego, and his wife were also present at that meeting. Church memberships in those days were small. The largest church, membershipwise, was First Church, Oakland with 772 members, next, First Church, San Francisco with 651 members. The membership of Uncle Fred's Church in National City was 24 and of Father's in Tulare 24! In 1883 there were 102 Congregational churches in the entire state with a total membership of 5,959.

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In the seventies and eighties Congregationalism in California was still in the process of adjustment to its environment and its task. It did not lack vision or leadership. It was embarrassed by the lack of financial resources and by the lack of responsible citizenry. The General Association of California had been formed in 1857. The division into Northern and Southern California Conferences did not come until 1887. The Woman's Board of (Foreign) Missions for the Pacific was organized in 1873 as a companion effort to the Woman's Board of Missions centering in Boston (1868) and the Woman's Board of Missions for the Interior centering in Chicago (1868). The California Home Missionary Society, more or less autonomous but in close coöperation with the Congregational Home Missionary Society, a national body, was organized in 1883. The Woman's Home Missionary Union of Northern California was organized in 1887. The Pacific Theological Seminary (Congregational) was founded in Oakland in 1869, one year after the founding of the University of California, a State institution, at Berkeley which itself had grown out of the College of California, a Congregationally inspired effort for church-related higher education. The *Pacific*, a weekly religious and family paper, began publication as the organ of the nascent General Association of California in 1851.

Congregationalism developed much more slowly in Southern California than in the North. This was quite natural since it was the discovery of gold in the north which brought people thither by thousands in 1849. During the first thirty years of the General Association the annual meeting was held in the southern area only once, at Los Angeles in 1881. But that year there were only eight churches south of Tehachapi Pass. Father and Mother felt themselves to be members of this state-wide fellowship and as often as possible attended the annual meetings. The California Home Missionary Society was served by a superintendent who concerned himself mainly with the churches that needed help on the pastor's salary, and with the organization of new churches.

LODI. When the family moved from Murphys in Calaveras County to Lodi in San Joaquin County in 1894 Father came into much closer touch with his colleagues in the Congregational ministry. Father writes: "This change was a vivid parallel to an earlier one in Minnesota. The family, caged up in the Sierra Nevada mountain town, were set free in beautiful Lodi, a garden spot with exceedingly rich soil. The climate was delightfully wholesome, summer and winter. We enjoyed the good roads, free sailing in every direction! How we went about!"

The Lodi Church, organized in 1872, received no financial aid from the California Home Missionary Society. Its membership grew under Father's pastorate from fifty-five to seventy-four. It gave promise of much more rapid growth later as the population of the region increased. The core of the membership of the church in 1894 was a body of staunch Christian people from New England and the Midwest—people who had come to California not to seek gold but, following the gold rush, to seek homes where there was more sunshine and equally good if not better opportunities to make a living on farms or professionally. Seldom did one meet a person over thirty years of age who had been born in California. Lodi folk were pioneers of the second and third waves of immigrants from the East.

Father was pleased that these folk in the church, familiar with eastern church customs, suggested that he be "installed" as their pastor. This occurred in the autumn of 1894. The preacher for the occasion was Rev. E. Sidney Williams who had known Father

and Mother in Minnesota. He, too, had yielded to the lure of the Far West! Mother had lived in his home in Northfield, Minnesota for a few weeks when she was a five-year-old. Other participants in the service of installation were Superintendent J. K. Harrison, Rev. Reuben H. Sink of Stockton, Rev. H. N. Hoyt of Sacramento and Rev. Harry Perks of Lockeford. These were colleagues in whom Father took great delight.

The outstanding impression one gets as he reads Father's notes on his Lodi pastorate is that of keen delight in fellowship with kindred minds. The Church, he says, was vigorous and growing. He mentions the names of parishioners who deeply appreciated his ministry in pulpit and parish, lingering as it were, with fond memories over each name. The C. T. Elliotts, Mrs. Timmons, the Geffroys, the Colmans, the Allison's, the Kennisons, the McKenzies, the Nortons, the Masons, the Morses, the Langleys, the Van Buskirks, the Hortons, Mrs. Katherine Johnson. He lingers especially over the last mentioned name—Aunt Kate, "Auntie" Johnson, we children called her. "A delightful impression still abides with me of the extreme kindness of Aunt Kate, as she was known in the church. Back of her home was a cozy barn and yard for my horse. I said to myself many times, 'Is she not kind'! Throughout our three years' stay in Lodi her kindness never failed. She herself had access to an unfailing supply. In her thought nothing was too good for the minister's family. Pies and cakes she brought every Saturday evening from her pantry. 'Auntie Johnson' is the name she will be known by when we get 'over there.' She loved the gospel services which she seldom failed to attend. She often had in her care at church our two-year-old Ruth, as her mother was in the choir."

Father wistfully refers to the fact that his family of seven—five children and their parents—lived *together* as a family only three and one half years—six months in Murphys and three years in Lodi. The twins were born in 1893. Helen in 1878, Fred in 1880 and Mary in 1886. After 1897 when Father went to Byron, Fred was home only on brief visits. He finished the school year 1896-1897 at Lodi, then went to high school and university at Berkeley 1897-1902. Those years together at Lodi were happy years. "In Lodi," Father says, "we took very great comfort together. On rainy mornings I took the three older children to Salem School

on the other side of town in our carryall. We sought to develop the good qualities in the children. Encouraging characteristics were noted and appreciated. Helen enjoyed the organ and became a good organist for church services. Mary was a child of privilege and was never urged to do what she thought she did not have the strength to do. She was at a disadvantage in being burdened with a plaster of Paris jacket from armpits to hips which an injury to the lumbral vertebrae of her back made it necessary for her to wear for seventeen years, 1891-1908. She took a great interest in the home and garden."

In a reflective mood Father once wrote: "California has ever been at a disadvantage in that so many in early times came here for gold while our eastern shores were sought for a place to worship God without restraint. It requires a long, hard struggle to eradicate this passion for gold and to correct the wrong start that was made. The program of the Pennsylvania miner, the Ohio merchant, the Yankee blacksmith, the New England farmer or the man without any occupation was that in coming to California he could solve life's difficulties with gold. He had no time, even if he should have the opportunity, for worship. Neither the Church nor the Sabbath was needed. Even if there should be a cessation of work, spare time is needed to get in supplies. 'Ere long we will be rich and then we can go back east to our homes and be religious.' But alas! So many gave life over to pleasure and dissipation, gambling and revelry."

BYRON AND BETHANY. The transition from Lodi to Byron was not altogether to Father's liking. I think he was rationalizing when he said it was a move in the right direction, that is, toward the San Francisco Bay region. To be sure, he and Mother were concerned that their children should have good school privileges. There was no high school in Lodi until 1896 and then it began as a somewhat precarious undertaking. Furthermore, Mary's condition required the attention of specialists in San Francisco, so the nearer the better. But they admitted that it would have been delightful to have continued to live and work in Lodi. I have never understood the real reasons for the move. Father wrote: "This was a hard change to make yet it was in the direction that I wished for the sake of school privileges."

In spite of their fancy names, Byron and Bethany were at that time two little tank towns on the Southern Pacific Railroad as it leaves the lush region of the confluence of the San Joaquin and Sacramento Rivers, forming the "Upper" San Francisco Bay. The region is the eastern foothill slopes of the Mt. Diablo range which cuts off the heavier rainfall of the western side. It was wonderful wheat land though somewhat on the dry, hot, thin-soil side. Except for a few houses and stores and warehouses there was little to be found at either center, Byron or Bethany. The tiny churches in these towns were on a starvation diet, as it were. Together they could not support a minister. Obviously this was a mission field.

Father drove the forty miles from Lodi to Bethany, via Stockton, in one day. "Upon my arrival at Bethany after a hard day's journey in the mud and cold, I had for my devotional reading in the Bethany church where I planned to spend the night, Acts viii: 26, 'The angel of the Lord spake unto Philip, saying, Arise, and go toward the south . . . from Jerusalem unto Gaza which is desert.' That fitted my mood in more ways than one! But Philip found some one on that uninviting road that he could help. To leave the warmth of fellowship in Lodi for the two little Post Office towns was a trial; but years before we had learned obedience and the wisdom of doing with your might what your hands found to do. . . . A comfortable parsonage awaited us in Byron and a few parishioners were on hand to help us get settled. There was a fine yard with three great eucalyptus trees, a locust tree, a pepper tree and an olive tree to furnish shade and fragrance and olives. There was also a convenient barn and poultry coop. The garden plot was ample but one season proved it lacking in fertility. We needed to exercise every possible economy to make ends meet."

"We set about our work with all diligence. We found a good choir leader in Charles Eby. We discovered some staunch supporters of the church and all it stood for, even though a farmer's daily round leaves little time for church activities. The Armstrongs who had a big farm about five miles from town, were a large family, remarkable for their faithfulness and integrity. I remember also with special delight Deacon Boucher of Bethany who served as superintendent of the Sunday School. I did a great

deal of pastoral visitation covering many miles, going from farmhouse to farmhouse. It was nine miles by the road along the railway from Byron, where we lived, to Bethany—I refused to use the railway on Sunday as a matter of principle. My Sunday schedule for three years and four months was three services of worship on Sundays, assistance at two Sunday Schools and one Christian Endeavor Society—with eighteen miles of horse-and-buggy travel on Sunday afternoons.”

“I believed in the value of revival services. Rev. Stephen Wood assisted me one year and Rev. Mr. Parsons another. I tried in vain to get the pastor of the Methodist Church in Byron to hold union services with us for revival seasons and occasionally throughout the year. A few additions were made each year to our churches in Bethany and Byron.”

“We were happy to welcome for brief visits, in Byron, Dr. Lemuel Hammond of Worcester, Massachusetts, an uncle of Abby’s. His son, Harry, just out of college was with him. They became much beloved relatives. Father and Mother Field also visited us. Father Field’s earnestness in faith and works was a great lesson to us all. Mother Field’s needle was busy most of her waking hours.”

BLACK DIAMOND. Father’s notes regarding his removal from Byron and Bethany and his transfer to another equally difficult though quite different field—Black Diamond—are scanty. The family as well as he undoubtedly craved some relief from the heat and unremitting toil involved in the two yoked parishes. He had been faithful in season and out of season for three years—1897 to 1900. After counseling with Superintendent Harrison he was advised to follow Rev. F. H. Wales, his old Tulare predecessor and friend, as pastor of the church at Black Diamond.

The place got its name from some coal mines a few miles south in the foothills. There was a fairly good harbor at Black Diamond. These mines were at one time thought to be promising. Coal was brought down to the river and shipped to factories near Benicia, Martinez and other towns on Upper San Francisco Bay. But the coal proved to be of a very poor quality. Industry found other sources of fuel and the little river port of Black Diamond lost most of its population for a time. The place recovered when



DENNIS GOODESELL AND FAMILY AT BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

1919



THE FIELD FAMILY

OBERLIN, 1873

enterprising business men decided to locate canneries there to take advantage of the abundance of salmon in the river.

The Congregational Church at Black Diamond had made an effort to minister to diverse groups of people—miners, farmers and employees of factories. The majority of the people in the town itself were Italian Roman Catholics but there was a real field for growth as later years proved. With the development of industry in the Bay region, Black Diamond was the scene of amazing growth. As a symbol of the great changes taking place Black Diamond became Pittsburg!

The church building in Black Diamond was not well located. Along with the usual ministries of the church for two years, 1900-1902, Father concerned himself with preparations to move the church to a lot donated by an interested member, Mr. C. A. Hooper. The proceeds of the sale of the old lot provided for the payment of the balance of the mortgage held by the Church Building Society, and the removal costs.

Father speaks appreciatively of faithful members of the Church in Black Diamond, especially of Deacon Hadley, a man of New England ancestry. He also took delight in fellowship with a small community of Welsh people who lived at Somerville in the old coal mining region. For a year he served that community at their urgent request by conducting a service of worship each Sunday evening. During his ministry thirty persons were received into the Black Diamond Church membership, a fifty per cent gain.

Family interests were a very real part of life in Black Diamond. Father writes: "The year 1901 witnessed the transition of both Abby's father and mine to the world beyond—Father Field, dying at our home January 1, 1901, age seventy-six years and ten months; Father Goodsell, dying at Wallawa, Oregon, February 14, 1901, aged eighty years seven months. Father Goodsell had come from Ohio to Oregon to live with his son-in-law, Ward Hescok. Both were married the same year, Alden Field in May and Irad Goodsell in August, 1844. Evidence was abundant of the readiness and faithfulness of these two Fathers in Israel who gave their lives in loyal service to the Church of Jesus Christ. 'They rest from their labors and their works do follow them.'"

In Black Diamond as in most of the parishes Father served, he

found it necessary to exercise strict economies. He found that a cow and some chickens were of substantial aid as well as furnishing desirable labor for his boys! The woodpile was a good place to exercise muscle and rarely did fuel cost him real money. As he prepared to leave Black Diamond in October 1902, he sold his cow and chickens and a little later his horse—the last vestiges for him of his boyhood farming symbols!

CHAPTER IX

Going It Alone

PICARD. "In 1902 Superintendent Harrison suggested that I go to Picard in Siskiyou County (bordering on Oregon) to meet an emergency. A church-building project there was likely to fail unless a minister could go promptly."

"I adjusted matters at home (2614 Dana Street, Berkeley), making things as comfortable as possible. I put considerable responsibility upon nine-year-old Ralph. He did the best he could without his father. It was not easy to leave the family but I mastered my feelings and in November started out on a three-day trip to the famous Butte Creek Valley in which Picard is situated."

"Deacon Evans welcomed me to his home for a two months' stay. I experienced in Picard the privations of frontier life as well as the health-giving atmosphere of a spot four thousand feet above sea level. In this valley were extensive tracts of grazing land. We had a wonderful view of Mt. Shasta, forty miles to the south, and of Mt. Pitt, many miles to the north."

"The church-building project demanded persistence and patience. The severe cold weather caused annoying delays. But in a few months we finished the building inside and out, painted it and were ready for dedication. Brother Harrison came and held services throughout one day. We greatly enjoyed his visit. We set going all the machinery of the church—Sunday School, Christian Endeavor, etc. I became something of a circuit rider for we projected four Sunday Schools in the district which reached as far as Keno in southern Oregon. We had good services on special days—Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's Eve, Easter and Children's Day. I baptized a number of children."

"I thought things were going pretty well but one of the deacons, Mr. Merrill, suddenly became discouraged about financial matters. I told him I would do my best for at least a year. Then they could call another minister who might do better."

"I certainly had a great variety of experiences. My third month I roomed and boarded with a Methodist brother, Mr. William High. My fourth month was spent with Lewis High in a cabin

where we had bachelor hunter's fare. That cabin was very uncomfortable. My fifth month was in the home of a 'wild and woolly westerner' who cared little for religion but thought it might be good for his wife and children. I lived with Brother Reed the sixth month. In all these homes I conducted family worship at the breakfast table every morning."

"As it turned out I had to raise my own salary or go without. I accepted without complaint what the people wished to give. During the month of August I worked in a hayfield for Mr. Sherman. I enjoyed the change and had a little more change in my pocket! That was my vacation that year."

"I have mentioned Keno in southern Oregon as being a part of my wider parish. My predecessor had had a bitter experience there. He was reported to have said that Satan did not think he, Satan, needed to go there for the town was already bad enough. Even the few who wanted services of worship and a Sunday School feared no minister would dare to come again. I went there, visited in several homes, was kindly received and made plans for regular visits. During the six months that I served them in church and Sunday School I felt that good seed had been sown."

"I got well acquainted in Picard with Dr. Sweetland, a retired army surgeon. He was being cared for in the home of a parishioner. For one month, July, I cared for him while the family were on vacation at beautiful Klamath Lake, not far away in Oregon. His friendship meant a great deal to me during that year. It made up for some of the tough experiences I had with folk who had no use for religion or the Church. For instance, one day I met a well-to-do stock-raiser in a canyon about ten miles from Picard as I was returning from an appointment. I took advantage of an opportunity to talk with him. I approached him kindly and in the course of our conversation I offered him a Bible. I usually had a few extra copies with me. He swore furiously, his eyes flashed fire as though he wished to destroy me and obliterate me from the earth, if he could, and all witness to God. Such tussles with unbelief were frequent in that mountain parish."

"Some of the men were called 'squaw men.' They lived with Indian women and had children for whom they cared little. Indian children at the district school had a poor chance. I remem-

ber a case where an Indian pupil was killed but no investigation was ever made. Indian women were shamefully abused. Property rights were often ignored. Stealing stock was quite a business for some. The minister was sometimes the butt of ridicule. A man said to me once 'Why do you preach? You look strong and able to work.' "

"One Sunday evening at Picard the saloon-keepers and their friends came to church apparently with the idea of having some amusement. Several of them were half drunk. They talked back during my remarks. I began to ask them questions and got in some good advice to those who were sober. Suddenly someone outside threw a yowling cat into the room. I closed the service. At another one of my preaching posts, Browning, one evening the peaceable people who wished to come to the service were intimidated by cowboys who declared that they would break up the meeting. The service was held in the schoolhouse. We began with a hymn but I found myself singing alone. Then no one would sit down except on the desks. I began to read a passage from the New Testament. They wouldn't stop talking in loud voices. I finally prevailed upon them to be quiet as I offered prayer and closed the meeting. My disposition all through these experiences was to be kind and to sow what good seed I could. Certainly those areas needed what the gospel can do for men and their families."

COTTONWOOD. "I said goodbye to Picard and to my beloved friend there, Dr. Sweetland, in November 1903 after one year of strenuous effort without the help and comfort of Abby or any of the children. On the way back to Berkeley I preached one Sunday at Cottonwood in the upper Sacramento Valley. The Congregational Church there had no minister at the time. I might have responded at once to the call given me to be their minister, but I wished to have at least a brief visit with the family in Berkeley. Our oldest daughter, Helen, was in trouble. She died December 1 after an unhappy wedded life of a year and the birth of a daughter. That was a sad visit for me."

"On January 4, 1904 I was on my way to Cottonwood. Ralph went with me and seemed to enjoy the open country immensely. There was no parsonage at Cottonwood. I made it my business

to mobilize the interest of the people, especially the women of the church, in building a modest home for the minister. After many struggles, much delay for lack of lumber and a good deal of manual labor contributed by the men of the community as well as by Ralph and myself, we finished the building. The labor had cost only forty dollars which we paid to the head carpenter."

"There were several families at Cottonwood who were genuinely interested in the Church but here again the habit of regular attendance at church services had not been formed by many who came occasionally. Hardly anyone came from 'out in the country.' I did a great deal of calling far and near. On special days we had good audiences. The Sunday School was well cared for regularly. I missed Abby's help when she found it necessary to visit her mother in Monrovia, Southern California, for six weeks."

"The great California earthquake in April 1906 shook the San Francisco Bay Region terribly. Fire in the city wrought still greater havoc. I visited Berkeley to find the big chimney of our house in pieces in the backyard. Refugees from San Francisco were flooding the East Bay cities of Oakland and Berkeley and nearby areas. There was much confusion and trouble. After a few days I went back to Cottonwood to find many of the more substantial families moving away. Other parts of California offered greater inducements to business men and farmers. Cottonwood itself was for them apparently simply a way-station to something better."

"While at Cottonwood I was glad to welcome as visitors in early June 1905 my brother Evander and his wife, Josephine. They were with us two days. This was the only visit Evander ever made us and it was the last time I saw him. He died in 1906. They were enroute to Portland, Oregon where brother David and family were living. I was glad also to welcome for a brief visit in August 1905 our son, Fred, and his wife, Lulu, whose wedding on June 29th in Berkeley was a joyous event for our family. They were on their way across the continent and on to Germany for two years' graduate study at Marburg and Berlin."

"I felt it necessary to resign the pastorate at Cottonwood and return to Berkeley. I wasn't certain whether it was God's will that I should continue my ministry, much as I desired to do so.

I was in good health and felt deeply that I was called of God to serve as long as I could. I left Cottonwood November 1, 1906 after having served there nearly three years. I couldn't continue there alone."

BECKWITH. "When I returned from Cottonwood to Berkeley in November 1906 I had little expectation of continuing my ministry though I greatly desired to do so. I was fifty-six years of age and in good health. I was prepared to turn my hand to any honorable task I could find. I worked for a brief period in the office of *The Pacific*, our Northern California Congregational Conference paper. Due to the San Francisco earthquake the Conference office had been temporarily transferred to Berkeley. Superintendent Harrison saw me there and of course he knew my record of service and my desire to continue my ministry. He strongly urged me to accept an invitation for at least three months' service at Beckwith in Plumas County. Beckwith is a point high up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. It is a station on the Western Pacific Railroad which at that time (1906) was being built. After a train, going East from San Francisco traverses the wonderful Feather River Canyon, it reaches 'the summit' in the Sierras, near which lies Beckwith."

"On December 7, 1906 I set out from Berkeley with my trunk and a box of books. The cold winter and the high, pure atmosphere at Beckwith were very good for me. The three months lengthened into six. I found at Beckwith some very choice people who loved the little church and expressed their love by constant kindness to me. Six months passed very pleasantly, although I was separated from my family. Fourteen persons united with the Church while I was there, most of them young people. There were two families who were pillars of the Church—the Arms and the Sperrys. They were pioneers in that part of California and had finally engaged in the dairy business. Mrs. Sperry was a marvel of devotion to the Church."

"The exciting thing about Beckwith at that time was the large company of laborers working on the railroad. They were a motley lot. I sought to help them by distributing suitable reading matter and by inviting them to attend church. I made little impression upon them. Liquor and loose women were their chief

concerns during leisure hours. A saloon-keeper told me that his business and mine were in conflict! Another saloon-keeper was conscience-smitten when I went to him protesting his part in the ruination of young people, young women especially. He said 'I know what is right and what is wrong! You are doing the noblest work anyone can do.' Soon after that conversation a young woman in the community committed suicide. The saloon men and their friends crowded the church at the funeral service. That gave me a good opportunity to preach the gospel to them."

"I left Beckwith in May at the end of six months. Superintendent Harrison sent there a young man from Pacific School of Religion. It was a tough assignment for him but I'm sure there are great compensations for straightforward Christian witness in such a community. It takes faith, ingenuity, perseverance and good health! We must sow the seed wherever we can."

SAN JUAN BAUTISTA. Father's pastorates in Ceres and Angels Camp covering the years 1907 to 1915, were full of very happy experiences. He really enjoyed these years as a part of his more mature ministry. These two parishes did not demand of him as strenuous labor as was required since he left Lodi in 1897. Byron and Bethany, Black Diamond, Picard, Cottonwood and Beckwith were fields where his stamina and willingness to work in hard places, as he had earlier agreed, were put to rather severe tests. In his ministry he had always counted upon the help and inspiration which Mother gave him. When he had to "go it alone" he realized how great a part in his life and ministry she had played. She often showed greater initiative than he in devising new methods for the observance of special days in the church calendar. When she was in the choir or at the organ he could be sure that the music would be satisfactory. She did not dominate the "Ladies' Aid" but she knew how to stimulate the interest of the women of a parish. And there was the work among young people and the Sunday School in which she was interested though not so active. All in all, Father felt terribly handicapped when Mother was not at his side.

After leaving Angels Camp in June 1915 Father was desirous of taking at least a three months' vacation. He wanted to visit the great Panama Pacific Exposition in San Francisco; he secretly

cherished the hope that he might visit Oberlin College for his fortieth class reunion though that hope soon went aglimmering. As it turned out he was glad to spend that summer in Berkeley. In addition to seven leisurely visits to the Exposition about which he writes at some length, he listened to a number of lectures given at the Pacific School of Religion in Berkeley by men he admired: Bade, Buckham and Brooks among others. He attended a Lord's Day Convention in Oakland, and a Conference in San Francisco on the plight of the American Indian. There were other meetings which added to his pleasure and profit that summer.

But in September after the real refreshment of the summer vacation he was ready for parish work again. The new State Conference Superintendent, Dr. Leland Rathbone, suggested that he go to San Juan Bautista. This little town was the site of one of the famous old Spanish missions which antedated the acquisition of California as United States territory. It is about one hundred miles south of San Francisco in San Benito County in the coastal region, not far from historic Monterey, Carmel and lovely Pacific Grove. The Congregational Church there had been organized in 1880 but had not grown or prospered. It was nevertheless a center of evangelical Christian witness in a rugged environment. Like many other rural California churches it was a real mission field. A few Protestant families were loyal to the Church and disliked to be without a minister. Father mentions their names, one by one, cherishing the memory of their fellowship.

Father realized the difficulties he faced at San Juan. He writes: "the Church was run-down, neglected and destitute of means, but the community was in great need of Gospel privileges. The times seemed out of joint for building up country congregations but I knew it was well to be zealous in a good cause. Anywhere and everywhere good can be done if we are faithful as Christians and have a heart for it. We must be imbued with the spirit of love and sympathy for humanity."

"I made my home alone in the little cottage back of the Church. Through the kindness of Sister Meade and Sister Kemp all my housekeeping needs were supplied, including a supply of firewood. Sister Meade encouraged me greatly by looking after

the weekly allowance which never failed although it was small. Sister Kemp was the efficient clerk of the Church and also a faithful teacher in the Sunday School. Eight persons, five of them young people, joined the Church in November. These five young people were the nucleus of a Christian Endeavor Society which we organized. We had also a Junior Christian Endeavor Society. I am confident the future will reveal good results in the lives of these young people. Open confession of God's claim upon our lives and His right to homage and service is a decisive force in the lives of young people especially."

"The congregation week by week at church services was very small. I won the coöperation of a good many in my effort to make a good deal of special occasions in addition to Christmas Day, Easter, Children's Day, etc. I arranged occasions on which I invited special guests, Dr. Burton Palmer from Pacific Grove and Dr. Briggs from Santa Cruz. There were community-wide meetings held in the Church. I interested the community in repairing the church edifice. It was repainted on the outside and repapered and carpeted within. I was pleased to see how such a project creates enthusiasm."

"These were war years. The arenas of fighting seemed very remote but we did not and wished not to escape the burdens which the war entailed. Confusion seemed to possess us at first but slowly we regained our equilibrium. I am convinced that the Christian Gospel alone is adequate for dark days. We need it, too, when the days are bright. Happy and hopeful living is possible only as we acknowledge God in all our ways, individually and as a people."

"October 1917 was notable in my life for two anniversaries. The second of that month was the fortieth anniversary of my ordination to the Christian ministry and the nineteenth was our fortieth wedding anniversary. I persuaded Abby and Mother Field, for whom Abby was caring at Berkeley, to make me a visit. They were with me in San Juan seven weeks, including the month of October. The church folk greatly enjoyed their presence. They very kindly tendered us a reception on October second."

"During my ministry of two and one half years at San Juan, I was not at my best physically. I realized this and sought prayer-

fully to adjust myself to the prospect of prolonged ill health. It seemed best for me to return to our home in Berkeley, so I offered my resignation to the Church at San Juan, asking them to allow me to withdraw in February, 1918. Abby came down from Berkeley to spend a few days as I prepared to retire, not only from the Church at San Juan but from the ministry. I had reached the age of sixty-eight. We left San Juan on February 25 after farewell services the preceding day, Sunday. Sister Kemp had been very kind to invite friends into her home for a farewell reception on Saturday evening."

CHAPTER X

Practice What You Preach

FATHER was greatly pleased when Rev. H. E. Jewett, the new Conference Superintendent, suggested in the spring of 1907 that he visit Ceres with the possibility that he might be invited to serve the Congregational Church there. Their pastor had died in December 1906. The Church was still worshipping in the school auditorium. It seemed touch and go as to the future of the Church. But people were rapidly moving into the area and the community was not overchurched.

Ceres had been well named. It was a super-fertile section of Stanislaus County in the San Joaquin Valley. The Irrigation District had transformed the region from a one-crop (wheat) economy to the fruit growing and dairy industries. It was indeed a garden spot.

I quote from Father's notes on his experience at Ceres.

"I came to this parish at the age of fifty-seven. There were many circumstances which made it a community after my own heart. I had said to myself many times: 'Oh, to be in a place where there were no saloons, where the people loved the church and the Sabbath Day and the church services. Where there were no noisy base ball games on Sunday!' The efforts of the minister met a ready response. I could work hard preparing my sermons. An appreciative audience filled the church at every service. The church grew steadily. I met many people who felt that they needed the church and its ministry."

"A lady of sixty years who had never confessed her Savior united with the church. A carpenter who had spurned religion began attending worship and prayer meeting services. He became an active member of the church and was most helpful. A young married woman came to worship with us. I went to call at her home—found she was concerned about her husband. I made his acquaintance and led him to join his wife in her desire that they both unite with the church. They did so. I sought out strangers. There were many of them coming to church. A bright young man looking for a home in a place without saloons, found just the place he wanted, with my help. A young business man and

his family from Chicago fleeing from Satan's entanglements came into the community. We surrounded them with friendly Christian influences. They united with the church. After a time he became the church treasurer and his wife president of the Woman's Society. I remember with deep solicitude and thanksgiving a family who were disappointed and disgruntled over the change they had made from their old home in the East. I prevailed upon them to send for their church letters. The Church Committee doubted the wisdom of receiving them into the church. After some delay they were accepted; then they refused to come. God suddenly took their darling baby girl. That broke their hearts and endeared them to Sister Persing and Sister Ankeny and to Mr. and Mrs. Hiat. The funeral service was very touching. I thought 'a little child shall lead them.' They responded and became enthusiastic workers in the church and Christian Endeavor Society. They were tithers. He later became a missionary. I remember an instance in which I failed to win a wayward husband. I did the best I could for and with him, all apparently to no avail. I recall also the conversion of a young man who had become notoriously bad. He seemed to be possessed of an evil spirit like the demoniac. His mother besought me to help him if I could. I took an interest in him, prayed with him and for him. Much to my joy he responded as the hymn says 'Just as I am without one plea.' It was genuine conversion. The Church Committee voted to accept his application for membership. After eight years I have heard that he is keeping on in the right paths."

"I recall several instances where all my efforts failed to bring peace into troubled hearts. The two twin evils with which I had to wrestle hardest were love of liquor and love of money."

"I was glad to make arrangements for Rev. Miles B. Fisher to give a short course of lectures on new goals and methods in religious education. He was serving the Conference as an expert along that line."

"I was indeed glad that Rev. W. N. Meserve, an old and valued colleague, could come one year to conduct revival services. He spent ten days with us. Another year (1910) the churches of the community—Baptist, Methodist and Congregational—united to conduct revival services. Each pastor was responsible for an agreed upon number of meetings. I preached once to four hun-

dred persons from the text Hebrews ii: 3, 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?' The Church Committee thought the union effort very well worth while. There were a number of accessions to each church following the meetings. Altogether sixty persons joined our Church during my ministry in Ceres."

"The Church Committee was eager to tackle the business of building a house of worship. A few weeks after my arrival in June 1907 we formed a Building Committee and went to work in earnest. Early in October the cornerstone was laid amid great rejoicing. A dinner was provided by the ladies of the church at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Campin. From the middle of October to the first of January the building was in process of construction. Many of the men of the parish contributed labor with their own hands. One group of men laid the cement foundation. Another group of men specially recruited for the job shingled the roof when that was the order of the day. And so it went. I was glad to work with my hands, carrying mortar and plaster, nailing flooring, etc. When the building was nearly finished, a group of men came with teams and tools and landscaped the grounds around the church. The new church building was dedicated January 1, 1908. Dr. J. K. McLean of Pacific Theological Seminary at Berkeley came to preach the dedicatory sermon. It was a great day for us all."

"One feature of the worship service in the new church was the fine music. There was considerable musical talent in our congregation. We made the most of it both on Sundays and at other times."

"A year after the dedication of the church the Committee decided that they ought to have a parsonage. We as a family had been living in a rented house since our arrival. Fortunately a great friend of the Conference who owned a piece of property in the neighboring city of Modesto, proposed that she would donate to the Ceres Church toward a parsonage fund thirty per cent of the sale price of the property if I would sell it for her. I sold it. This made it possible to complete the sum of nine hundred dollars with which the Church Committee purchased a pleasant little home for the minister. We lived in this home two happy years."

"In Ceres I found myself again in the fellowship of the San

Joaquin Valley Association of Congregational Churches. When in Tulare in 1885 I had been the originator of this Association. It was good to be in their midst again. During my Ceres pastorate meetings of the Association were held in Stockton, Tulare, Fresno, Ceres, and Oleander. I was privileged to attend the annual meetings of the State Conference held in Sacramento in 1908 and in Santa Cruz in 1909. It was apparent that Congregational churches in Northern California were a vigorous body with a sense of mission."

"The statement has repeatedly been made that Congregationalism as a system of church organization is not well adapted to pioneer in unchurched areas. It is asserted that the democratic, voluntary principle upon which our polity rests is likely to fail in mission fields where centralized direction, not to say executive control, is lacking. I think the record shows that this position is not justified. There may be cases where short term gains seem to justify methods characteristic of regimentation by a centralized authority. But the longer view both in politics and in churchmanship sees the likelihood of sturdier growth and more fruitful service when people feel themselves responsible and are challenged to conduct their own affairs upon a basis of fellowship devoid of coercion. The issue is seldom stated as bluntly as this and of course it should not be denied that democracy thrives best where there is genuine liberty to experiment with different polities. Congregational history in California as I have seen it in the making affords many instances which point to the wisdom and productiveness of local initiative and control. My experience in Ceres and elsewhere in California confirms me in this view."

"Early in 1911 it became evident to me that a change was necessary if a few of our parishioners were to be pleased. It was cheerfully agreed that my work should cease August 1. The church gave us a pleasant farewell reception. An address by Mrs. Julia Persing included these sentences—'At a critical time in our history as a church God sent us Brother Goodsell to be our pastor. He has been wonderfully successful in guiding our church to this day. He has put into the work here the energy of his great nature, the witness coming from his deep experiences of proving God's promises, his happy optimism and his desire to see the best in every one, his consecrated zeal and devoted heart have all

helped to keep our thoughts as a church centered on the Cross of Christ.' I felt that these kind words were undeserved but I was happy if the people of the parish thought that my ministry had been helpful."

ANGELS CAMP. "I visited and preached in my old parish, Angels Camp, on June 1, 1911 after an absence of eighteen years. They gave me a call to become their pastor again. I accepted and began work September 1. During these eighteen years there had been no spectacular growth in the Church but it was now the strongest and largest church in the entire county (Calaveras) and sustained by a group of devoted people. There was still a good deal of gold mining going on in the area and as transportation became easier more people were constantly moving in and out. The little town had a very lively appearance. We found the parsonage on the hill above Main Street very comfortable. I especially enjoyed the view of the mountains from the front porch. Mountains have been a constant source of delight to me. The parsonage yard was as much our home as the house itself! One of the members of the Church, Mr. Minard, took care of it constantly."

"My ministry during those four years in Angels Camp was full of experiences which smacked of the pioneer days. There were many funerals which were usually very well attended. There were visits to outlying centers of population and industry. I held services, for instance, at Malone on the Stanislaus River where there was a great new power station. I visited families in isolated little valleys and stopped at many a cabin to inquire as to welfare and invite to our services of worship."

"At one of the exercises in connection with the High School Rev. Robert Brown of the First Congregational Church of Oakland had been invited to give an address. He dug into Mark Twain's writings as he prepared for his address and came up with an intriguing reference to the Jumping Frog of Calaveras County. That was enough to start the local Chamber of Commerce on a new advertising program! Once a year thereafter at an appropriate time in an open area near Angels Camp a replica of a pioneer mining camp was erected and a frog-jumping contest was conducted. This became quite an event. It brought many visitors

some of whom delighted in the rip-roaring revelries of the old mining camps. It was a question in my mind how much this added publicity and excitement really benefited the County."

"There were thirty-five saloons in Angels Camp, most of them on Main Street. One often saw life at its worst in the neighborhood of these dens of vice and revelry. The women of the Church and the community were eager in their campaign for woman's suffrage, thinking that the passage of the amendment to the Constitution would help combat the evil. Other measures against gambling were proposed and vigorously supported. The young people of the community, among them the eighty students in the High School, were our deep concern. We were glad to welcome visiting speakers on the issues of the day."

"The Church went forward with a well planned program. We had a social hall in the rear of the sanctuary where the young people's societies and the Sunday School met regularly. The weekly prayer meeting was a source of inspiration to a goodly company. In all the forty years of my ministry I have never given up the weekly prayer meeting."

"The Central Association of Congregational Churches met with us in May 1914. The meetings were well attended. Among the ministers present were Bradstreet of Ceres, Sink of Stockton, Kelley of Ripon, McGill of Murphys and Rathbone of San Francisco. The closing banquet was a notable occasion."

"Brother David died very suddenly in Portland, Oregon, March 3, 1913. He was sixty-seven years of age. His wife, Ella, sent me a telegram. David was a singular man. He said to me once that he had made a mistake in not completing a college education. But he wanted to amass a fortune and he thought years of study were not the quickest road to his goal. He attained material success but was not happy. He failed to understand what life is for. Neither he nor his wife nor his two sons were satisfied with what they achieved. I never quite understood him and though I tried to help him, I failed. He made money his god."

"I resigned the pastorate at Angels Camp in June 1915 and went to our home in Berkeley."

Twilight Years in Berkeley

WHEN Father left San Juan Bautista February 25, 1918, he had reached the conclusion that it was best for him to retire definitely from the ministry. This decision had not been made suddenly. Since 1902, when what every member of the family regarded as "home" had been established at 2614 Dana Street in Berkeley, apparently a subtle temptation to give up his ministry and live in Berkeley had lurked in the background of Father's mind. That is, for at least sixteen years the possibility of leaving the ministry had haunted him. There were strong influences back of this subtle temptation. Beloved daughter Mary needed the quiet of a permanent home and the occasional attention of specialists in San Francisco. Mother Field very naturally wished to spend the remaining years of her life with Abby, her only living daughter. Her husband, Alden Field, had died at Black Diamond in 1901. Her son, Fred Field, a Congregational pastor in Southern California, was in very poor health. Abby's home was Mother Field's haven. There was also the natural desire to provide good schooling and pleasant surroundings for the teenager twins, Ruth and Ralph. The good fortune of acquaintance with Rev. O. G. May who made it possible for Father to acquire the lot on Dana Street, Berkeley, and build the house in 1902, led him to think that there might be for him as for real-estate dealer O. G. May some likely means of livelihood in Berkeley. These and probably other influences played on Father's mind.

The fact that Father did not yield to this subtle temptation stands out as a great tribute to his sense of dedication to the Christian ministry as a life work. He recognized the obligations resting upon him for the family, but he was conscious of a higher obligation to fulfil his ministry if he could do so without disloyalty to the family. He wanted to press on in his high calling. In addition to this supreme reason for continuing his ministry there were two other facts. First, he was in good health. In 1902 he was fifty-two years of age. Sixteen years later, looking back upon sixty-eight years, he wrote: "I had indeed enjoyed years of fair sailing and healthy days. Abby said she had never in all the years

seen me 'flat on my back.' . . . Barely a Sunday in the entire forty years of my ministry had witnessed an unfulfilled appointment. I would not only gird up my mind to preach the Gospel as Sunday approached, but I would summon my physical resources to meet the strenuous demands of the greatest day of the week. How well my physique has served me and how grateful I am! To be at one's best physically is also a tribute to God."

Second, Father realized that there was a shortage of ministers in northern California. There were a good many vacant pulpits and pastorates, especially in out-of-the-way places. He had from the very beginning of his dedication to the Christian ministry covenanted with his Lord to be willing to go wherever he was needed. Should he forget that covenant now? Were there reasons in 1902 for him to move in a different direction? His answer was an emphatic NO. The fact that one of his two sons had just decided to go as a foreign missionary, if accepted, spurred his thoughts of life commitment to the home missionary cause.

But in 1918 the situation had considerably changed. For forty years he had kept the vow of his youth. What he refers to in his memoirs as "an unusual physical trouble" had considerably reduced his vitality and given him some anxiety during his ministry in San Juan. The comfort of being with Mother and Mary in the Berkeley home did not seem to him an undue grasping for luxury at that stage. Furthermore, they needed him as much as he needed them. He was determined, however, to continue even in retirement to make the Church and its ministry the center of his interest and the object of such service as he could render.

The First Congregational Church of Berkeley grew up with the city. It has had a great history since its organization in 1874. For four years it was the only church in the town. It has played a double rôle through the years: thousands of Berkeley's citizens have made it their church home, including five of the first ten presidents of the University of California; students from the University have always been a part of its parish. Provision for Christian work among university students has for years been made by the Northern California Congregational Conference, using First Church as a student center.

Father's acquaintance with First Church antedated 1902 when he built the home at 2614 Dana Street, but it was not until that

year that the family came to feel at home in its fellowship. The Church School, the flourishing Christian Endeavor Society, the scholarly preaching of pastors like Rev. George B. Hatch and Rev. Oswald W. S. McCall, the winsome ministry of Rev. Raymond C. Brooks, not to speak of Rev. William H. Hopkins and Rev. Harry R. Miles brought blessings of inestimable joy and profit to Father and Mother through their twilight years in Berkeley.

Indeed, Father's great interest was the Church. Seldom did he miss a regular service of worship. He enjoyed the whole experience of fellowship. He became a well-known figure on Sunday and at mid-week services. He took particular delight in meeting and greeting strangers after worship services. He was to some extent an unofficial reception committee! The fact that 2614 Dana Street is only five short blocks from the Church made it easy for him to be on time and to linger after church without far to go to get home to Sunday dinner! He was on hand, as he would say, for such special occasions as the annual Earl Lectures of Pacific School of Religion which were usually held in First Church.

Father rejoiced in every step which indicated progress and extension of the work and influence of First Church in the community. The beautiful new colonial edifice which was built in 1924 seemed to him like the realization of a great dream. The wonderful leadership of Rev. Miles B. Fisher in the sphere of religious education gave him great satisfaction. The emphasis upon Christian stewardship and devotion through giving to home and foreign missions rejoiced his heart. He felt himself to be a humble member of a great household of faith and Christian service.

Father always placed high value on good literature, both books and periodicals. As he looked about for ways to serve the Church he voluntarily undertook to act as subscription agent for denominational periodicals, especially the publications of the mission boards. He had several books in mind also and occasionally when talking with a newcomer or calling on church members in their homes he would suggest the purchase of a book or two.

Father made it a point to discuss the sermon he had heard Sunday morning with his family around the dinner table and also with other members of the congregation when he had an op-

portunity. He believed in backing up the minister in every way he could. He was not often asked to take any responsible part in the public services of the Church but his pastor knew he was always ready to do whatever he could when called upon. No service was too small for him to perform if it made the fellowship and ministry of the Church more real and significant to some one or to some family. He was usually asked to offer the opening prayer at the beginning of the academic year at the Pacific School of Religion.

Berkeley was an interesting city in which to live during Father's twilight years, 1918 to 1937. The University of California founded at Berkeley in 1868 began to grow with amazing pace during those years. When son Fred graduated from that university in May 1902 he was one of 329 bachelor degree graduates. In 1912 there were 510; in 1922, 1,538; in 1932, 1,786. The University was the all-pervasive influence in the life of the city except in West Berkeley along the waterfront on San Francisco Bay where industry was spawning factory after factory. As a matter of fact Berkeley seemed like two cities, one hugging the foothills, the educational center, the other along the bay shore steaming ahead in industry. But town and gown mingled happily. There were a great many public gatherings. Father used to attend the University assemblies which were often held in the Greek Theater or in the Memorial Stadium. Occasionally he would see a football game or other athletic event. Fairly regularly he would be an observer at Commencement Exercises where diplomas or degrees were granted to thousands of seniors and graduate students. Graduating classes grew so large that one President said that all members of the Senior Class would call at South Hall to get their diplomas "untouched by human hands!" Deferentially this did not apply to those receiving masters' degrees or doctorates!

The Pacific School of Religion was another favorite center of interest for men like Father who were concerned with the training of ministers. There were several theological seminaries in the vicinity of the University—the Baptist, the Unitarian, and the Christian, with Presbyterian and Episcopal seminaries in neighboring cities. Pacific School of Religion, beginning as a Congregational institution in nearby Oakland, had entered up-

on an interdenominational career after getting a new start in Berkeley under the dynamic leadership of Presidents Nash and his successor, Herman Schwartz. There was, and has continued to be a happy relation between University authorities and the theological seminaries. This was especially true in the case of the Congregationalists. Presidents Kellogg and Barrows were Congregationalists. Wheeler was a Baptist. Father liked to hear these men and warmly supported the ideal of thorough higher education. He had no quarrel with science. Knowledge, truth, science were not separate realms in his thinking. The emphasis in his ministry was upon "the truth as it is in Jesus." He betrayed no fear that sound education would overthrow religion. The Oberlin College ideal of the intimate alliance between faith and knowledge was uppermost in his life.

Father realized when he went to Berkeley in 1918 that he had no convenient means of conveyance around the city. He didn't like to depend upon the streetcar system. That seemed expensive since he was so frequently on the go. And of course an automobile was entirely out of the question. He hit upon the idea that he could ride a bicycle in Berkeley as he had in San Juan. He and his bicycle became a familiar sight in many parts of Berkeley. It gave him a satisfying sense of independence and suited his idea of economy. Mother and Mary occasionally protested against his riding his bicycle in the midst of traffic. Here he was a man of seventy and over. Didn't he and his bicycle constitute a traffic hazard, they would say. Father consistently defended his right to use the bicycle. He said he observed all the traffic rules. He said too that drivers were careful when they saw him moving along slowly near the right curb. One of the choicest family jokes was perpetrated on Father one April first, when he received a letter that purported to be from the Berkeley Chief of Police. He was warned against bicycle riding about the city at his age. Father studied the letter and for a day or so thought it was genuine. When he found that it was a joke he had mingled emotions. He continued to use his bicycle until he was eighty-six years of age.

What Manner of Man Was Father?

FATHER could take a joke, although humor was not his long suit. He tells a story of a rather embarrassing nature in which he proved that he could take a joke. He had a worship service one Sunday evening at the little town of Vallecito between Murphys and Angels Camp. He knew there were some mischievous boys about, but he didn't imagine what they were up to. He was to stay in Vallecito overnight because he had been asked to conduct the funeral service the following day for a prominent man in the community. During the evening the wheels on his carriage were reversed, the smaller front wheels being put on the back and the larger on the front. He drove to the funeral the next morning without noticing what had been done. He said that as he drove through town "the silly crowds were bursting with laughter at my expense. . . . I fancied that the chief actor in the affair was old Ben Lewis who loved to tell the story afterwards." Father's mild comment was that "the incident revealed the need of forbearance."

Forbearance was a great word with Father in things both great and small. He meant by it something more than patience. It was benevolent patience. He was a peaceable man, determined not to stir up opposition if he could help it but to win the friendship of all sorts of people. When, as often occurred, some sharp remark was offered by critics or half-drunk bystanders, he would either keep silent or make some kind reply and get out of the way as quickly as he could. The thing that seemed to bother him most was whiskey. "My hostility to whiskey was constantly deepened as I went on in life. It hindered so frequently the successful prosecution of my work. One Sunday afternoon in Siskiyou county I was going along on horseback to an appointment twelve miles away. The horseback ride was tiresome even though I had under me a good saddle horse which Mr. Nash, a parishioner, had given me in return for helping him break in his colts. I was invited to ride with two young men who were going my way in a spring wagon. I soon discovered that there was whiskey aboard

and that it would have been better for me to have continued alone on horseback. First, a drink was offered to me, then it was drinks for themselves and for everyone they met. Then I observed that they were out to upset the preacher if they could, or tear his saddle horse loose. They didn't succeed. I held fast to the seat and to my horse, but I was glad when we reached my destination. I hoped never to see them again. But no, there they were in church! I wondered what deviltry they were planning now. I learned forbearance that evening!"

Father was a great believer in Providence—with a capital P. His favorite verse in the New Testament was Romans viii: 28, "We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them that are called according to his purpose." It was not simply a matter of words with him. He based his life on his faith that God knew best and that whatever happened was according to God's will—often in some mysterious way, provided he himself was doing his duty as best he knew how. It was not fear of danger nor fear of any kind that kept him going; it was rather that he felt drawn or led by Providence into the right course of action or into the right attitude toward difficulties or success. Repeatedly when he was in uncertainty as to whether to stay on in a parish or to seek another, he did not try to reason out a decision abruptly or prematurely but waited to hear the still, small Voice which he was confident would give him good guidance. This applied also to his family affairs. He was greatly troubled, for instance, by Mary's illness. The tenderness of his nature found genuine expression in his solicitude for her. He made every provision which his resources would allow and took endless pains to meet her need but basically he felt that both she and the family were in God's loving, unfailing care.

On the Nelson farm Father had gone through rigid training in economy. He had learned not to spend money or to run up bills if he didn't have the necessary funds to meet them promptly. This was a dominant trait all through his life. Mother thought he didn't spend enough on his own clothes. He seemed to me a little like Abraham Lincoln in his rugged determination to spend as little on himself as possible. Of course, home missionary stipends were never ample. He never expected them to be. He

wasn't in the ministry to lead a comfortable life. One winter in Murphys some remarks he made about family finances excited my curiosity. I was a lad of eleven. He said to me, "Freddie, how would you like to be family treasurer for a year?" I agreed. During that year I learned how Father "ran his business," so to speak. I kept strict written account of all money received and all money spent. Father said to me more than once, "We do not spend money when we don't have it." And I recall his answer to someone who asked him for his secret of always having a little, be it ever so little, money on hand. He said, "It is my principle and habit to spend just a little less than I receive. That keeps you out of debt." I often wondered how Father managed to save anything. He had saved something each year from the very first of his ministry. He sold a very small piece of property in Minnesota in order to finance his trip to California in 1882. He saved a few hundred dollars to buy one hundred and sixty acres of prairie land near Tipton when we lived at Tulare. In 1892 he bought four small lots in South Berkeley. The little "cabin" on those lots was a vacation home for several years for the family. When he sold them he put the returns into the property at 2614 Dana Street. This was all very wonderful to me because I knew how very little he had with which to support his family of seven. The answer as I see it now was thrift, care in spending, refusing to go into debt, "making do" with what you had. Often he forbade us to take the streetcar when we could walk just as well. Often he would forego some delicacy for the table when he knew that there was ample, simple, nourishing food. He drove one horse, when he would have enjoyed a team because he said one horse ate only half as much as two. Mother thought that Father often over-emphasized thrift. But they were a good team and pulled us through. Their example was especially helpful as their teenagers began to discover the value of money and were willing to work to get an education.

Another word in Father's vocabulary was stewardship. How often did I hear him preach on the blessedness of giving! This was closely allied with his ideal of thrift. His habits of thrift did not make him ungenerous. One day I saw him writing a letter to President Baldwin of Pomona College in Claremont, in South-

ern California. It was Deacon Mack in Westminster who had helped find Claremont as the College site in the early eighties. Father told me he was sending a check for five dollars to Pomona College. I asked him why. He took time to tell me why. That was the greatest lesson in Christian stewardship I ever had. He both preached and practiced stewardship. Through his efforts a parishioner of means once sent ten thousand dollars to Pomona College. He was concerned in every parish to develop a missionary spirit. "Missionary concerts" were held, in some years once a month. His connection with the Congregational Home Missionary Society naturally led him to think of foreign as well as home missions for he made no real distinction between the two. His idea of stewardship went so far as to hope and pray that his children would become interested in the work of the Church at home and abroad. Occasionally a missionary from Japan or the Near East would visit us. Father made the most of such visits to deepen throughout his parishes the sense of stewardship of life and resources.

Throughout Father's memoirs and sermons frequent reference is made to seed sowing. It would seem that his conception of the Christian ministry rooted mainly in the thought that he was called of God to sow the good seed of the Christian gospel in human hearts. It was not that he did not like to reap and gather in a harvest. His practice of holding revival services at least once a year in each parish points to his eagerness to secure visible results of his labors in terms of additions to the church roll. But it was probably the nature of the soil in many of his missionary fields which persuaded him that the best thing he could do was to enrich that soil and to plant a seed where it might grow into sturdy Christian character. Circumstances of life and living in farming and cattle raising areas, in mining and lumber camps, in scattered mountain villages filled the life of the majority of Father's parishioners with rough and tough problems. The struggle for existence was sometimes very grim. People enjoyed few luxuries. There was little time and less resources for wholesome relaxation. This meant that the Sabbath was desecrated, that the easiest thing to do was to get drunk when one had a few hours off. Gambling and liquor were the twin concerns of the saloon.

In such circumstances the local church was indeed a "gathered" church, made up of a few people who realized that life was more than eating and drinking and that the young people of the community were exposed constantly to degrading influences. The church couldn't or didn't do very much to transform the community but it could sow seed faithfully, some of which would fall on ground favorable to growth. Father was eager that people within his reach should have "Christian privileges," as he called them. He wanted them to know that the Church was there and that it was there to call them to worship the God of truth and love, of righteousness and peace, and to serve them in any way it could.

Father conducted a good many funeral services. They were not always held in a church. Nevertheless, he made it a point to preach a sermon at every funeral, no matter where it was held. This was very definitely a part of his seed sowing. When he returned to Angels Camp in Calaveras County for a second pastorate late in life he wrote: "Very soon I was called to attend funerals. It was the old story. We all do fade as the leaf. A wide open door of opportunity faces the mountain pastor. Everyone would drop everything to go and bury the dead. They were not so responsive to Christ's command 'Follow me.' My aim in all funeral services was to be helpful and induce people to believe in the wonderful gospel of 'goodwill to men.' I wanted all to see that God calls all men to a righteous life through the mercy and help of Jesus, the Son of God. The idea of the service was not to call in question the character of the departed either in eulogy or castigation, but to induce the living to put their trust in God. In the case of the death of a promising youth, I chose the text, Jeremiah x: 19, 'Woe is me for my hurt! my wound is grievous: but I said, Truly this is a grief but I must bear it.' On occasion I would use as a text Psalm xlii: 11, 'Hope thou in God for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.' I used John iii: 16 at a miner's funeral service. The man had died in his lonely cabin. Some doubted whether that was a suitable text for a funeral but I preached earnestly from it to a big crowd. Mathew xii: 12 'How much then is a man better than a sheep' was used once in a Town Hall Sunday afternoon at

the funeral of a saloon-keeper who was down and out but who had a big heart and was as generous as he was wreckless. Psalm ciii: 13 was used as text at the funeral service of a father who had been taken suddenly: 'Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him.' The death of the wife of the school principal led me to select 2 Corinthians i: 4, 'The God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.' A suicide called for the text 'He was wounded for our transgressions.' Isaiah liii: 5. An aged saintly lady's death led me to Psalm xvii: 15, 'I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.' "

Father's tender love for each member of his family was one of his outstanding characteristics. He was determined to see the possibilities for growth and for helpful living in each of his children. How dearly he loved each one was known only to them and Mother. There was no sacrifice too costly, no burden too heavy for him to bear on their behalf. He was often puzzled how to help them but he was never too busy or too preoccupied to pray for them and to do what he could to assure their well-being.

Father's entire life was a song of praise to his Heavenly Father. The theme of that song was gratitude. He looked upon his ministry as "a miracle of grace," as he called it. He felt himself blest beyond all expectation and rewarded beyond all merit. This theme found concrete expression in many ways as he went along but in a reflective moment looking back upon the years of hope and partial fulfilment he wrote: "God's great care for us in the supply of our physical needs has ever been an occasion of wonder and gratitude. So many times have the words of Jesus come to me: Mathew vi: 31, 32, 'Take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? or what shall we drink? or wherewithal shall we be clothed? for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things.' So many surprises all along the way through the thoughtful interest of Christian people. In all our years of service we have lacked no good thing. So many 'missionary boxes' for the home missionary have we received! So full and complete in thoughtful preparation have been the tokens of kindly interest in our work! It has been no humiliation to receive them but rather an inspira-

tion to do better work and meet the expectation of those who so prayerfully give of their substance to have all the people in our land become Christian. In all our parishes the people have so kindly shared with us their good things. In nearly all instances of our services in the churches the salary question has not been dominant. We have made the venture on the faith that God would care for us. The great question for me was: Could I do the work? Will we be adapted to the people?"

He continues as his mind stirs up memories of the material blessings and resources of his various parishes: "Our first parish in California, Tulare, was celebrated for its luscious fruit of many varieties, including berries. Westminster was luxuriant in vegetables and sorghum, Murphys was noted for its wholesome apples and Isabella grapes, Lodi for its tokay grapes and almonds, Byron for its olives and almonds, Black Diamond for its fish and coal, Picard for its beef and scenery, Cottonwood for its prunes and wood supply, Beckwith for its butter and lumber, Ceres with its thousands of acres of irrigated land for its fruit belt, the greatest in the world, especially with its figs and peaches, Angels Camp for its gold, San Juan for its strawberries, apples and vegetables. In all these places the pastor was generously remembered and had his full share of good things."

Father heartily agreed with Max Müller who wrote on one occasion: "How thankful we ought to be every minute of our existence to Him who gives us all richly to enjoy! How little one has deserved this happy life, much less than many poor sufferers to whom life is a burden and a hard and bitter trial! But then how much greater the claims on us; how much more sacred the duty never to trifle, never to waste time or power but to live in all things, small and great, to the praise and glory of God, to have God always present with us, and to be ready to follow His voice and this voice only!"*

It was not only material blessings of which Father was daily conscious and for which he was constantly grateful. To him the greatest blessing of all was the fellowship of friends in the community who believed in the Gospel and through the Church

* Quoted by John Baillie, *A Diary of Readings* (Oxford University Press, 1955), p. 124.

sought to make Christian principles the controlling power in American life. He believed that right will ultimately triumph over wrong, that peace and righteousness are the goals for which men of goodwill should strive unceasingly, and that while the issue of human life on this planet as a whole lies in God's hands, the individual should take counsel not of his fears but of his hopes, not of his doubts but of his faith in a just and wise, a loving and patient Heavenly Father.

L'Envoi

January eleven Nineteen hundred thirty-seven

My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in
my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him
that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me
to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles
Who now will be my Rewarder.

When the day that he must go hence was come,
many accompanied him to the riverside, into
which as he went he said:

‘Death where is thy sting?’

And as he went down deeper he said:

‘Grave where is thy victory?’

SO HE PASSED OVER AND ALL THE TRUMPETS
SOUNDED FOR HIM ON THE OTHER SIDE.

(From *Pilgrim's Progress*)

Appendices

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APPENDIX I

Notes on Goodsell Genealogy

Here are Father's notes on Goodsell Genealogy, together with a few additions:

I. THOMAS GOODSSELL. Graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, England in 1675, just 200 years before Dennis Goodsell graduated from Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio. Thomas came from England to East Haven, Connecticut in 1678, where he located and was known as a capitalist, paying the highest taxes of anyone. He was a town officer, a selectman, a prominent member of the East Haven Congregational Church, a generous supporter of that Church and a leader of the choir. He was the father of three sons:

Thomas, no children.

II. Samuel, seven children.

John, fourteen children: Hanah, Mary, John, Thomas, Sarah, Epaphras, Abigail, Hulah, Epaphras (?), Lewis, Phoebe, Samuel, James, James (?).

John graduated at Yale College in 1724, was ordained Congregational minister in 1726, organized the Greenfield (Connecticut) Congregational Church the same year, closed his ministry at 50, died aged 57. Charles Moorhouse Goodsell, one of the founders of Carleton College, Northfield, Minnesota, was a descendant of John's. I met one of Charles' children in Fergus Falls, Minnesota in 1877. His name was Lewis.

II. SAMUEL. Seven children: Samuel, Jonathan, III Isaac, Jacob, Daniel, Isabel, Mary.

III. ISAAC. Isaac had the following interesting history. He married the distinguished lady, Elizabeth Penfield, a remarkable character, a beautiful woman held in high esteem by all who knew her, who lived within a few days of one hundred years, died in New York State about the time my grandfather and family emigrated from Cornwall, Connecticut to Nelson, Ohio in 1817. Dennis remembers the very interesting stories told by his grandmother about this wonderful lady. The descendants of Isaac and Elizabeth include Bishop Daniel A. Goodsell of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Bishop Goodsell was born November 5, 1840 in Newburgh, New York. There being no Congregational churches in New York State at the time, he entered the ministry of the Methodist Church. He became bishop in 1888. He died December 5, 1909 and was buried at Meriden, Connecticut.

Isaac III and Elizabeth had these children:

IV. Isaac, born 1738, Hanah, Penfield, born July 21, 1742, Abigail, Thomas, born November 30, 1746, Samuel, born 1749, Timothy, born 1752, Elizabeth, Mary, Sexto, Jacob, born 1763.

IV. ISAAC. Isaac IV moved from New Haven with his family to Cornwall, Connecticut. Cornwall is in Litchfield County. Other members of the family, including the remarkable mother, moved to New York State. Isaac IV is remembered by my father who knew also the names of his children as listed in authoritative records. His mother remembered the report that two of the Goodsell boys of this family were lost at sea. Isaac IV had seven sons:

Penfield, John, Daniel, Thomas, Timothy, Ormand, and V. David, the father of Irad, and my grandfather.

V. DAVID. David V was born in 1782, died February 9, 1844. As a youth he was timid and unassertive. He was "bound out" to another family. In 1806 he married Miss Louise Garlic. They were the parents of four girls and three boys:

Mariah, born Sep. 10, 1808, married first to Lot Bacon. Her second husband was a Mr. Norton. She died October 12, 1888 in Ohio.

Amarilla, born 1811, died July 12, 1831, unmarried.

Samuel, born 1812, died September 1878, unmarried.

Mary, born January 3, 1814, died April 15, 1884, married Joseph Farrington, three children, Floyd, Emily and John.

Elliot, born May 18, 1816, died January 1892, married Clarissa Herrick in 1843, she died in 1893.

Julia, born 1817, died February 9, 1906, married a Mr. Bacon, lived in Missouri.

VI. IRAD, born June 3, 1820 in Nelson, Ohio, died in Wallowa, Oregon, February 14, 1901, married August 15, 1844 Mrs. Lydia Brown who died July 27, 1864, married second time Mrs. Permelia Linton, March 1860, died October 1898.

VI. IRAD. Five children: three sons by first wife:

David, born July 15, 1845, died March 2, 1913.

VII. DENNIS, born February 27, 1850, died January 11, 1937.

Evander Joseph, born December 28, 1851, died September 19, 1906.

Second marriage: two daughters by second wife:

Ida May, born August 1867, died October 1903 } twins.
Ada June, born August 1867, died August 1897 }

David came to California in March 1868, married Ella Bascom 1874. Three children:

David, born in Portland, Oregon 1875.

Evander, born in Portland, Oregon 1877, died 1878.

Gerald, born in Portland, Oregon 1883.

Evander lived all his life in Ohio, for many years in Norwalk where he practiced medicine until his death; married Josephine Bateham. No children.

VII. DENNIS. Dennis married Abby Manchester Field, October 19, 1877, in Morris, Minnesota. They had five children:

Helen Lydia, born October 7, 1878 at Fergus Falls, Minn. died December 1, 1903 at Stockton, California.

VIII. Fred Field, born September 21, 1880 at Montevideo, Minnesota.

Mary Brown, born September 4, 1886, at Westminster, California.

Ruth Emma, born October 8, 1893 at Murphys, California }
 Ralph Evander, born October 8, 1893 at Murphys, California } twins.
 died May 17, 1937 at Berkeley, California.

Helen Lydia married Charles Young Webb, December 7, 1902. There was born to them Florence Helen September 14, 1903, who, after the death of Helen, was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Stephen H. Reno of Berkeley, California.

Mary Brown, unmarried, resident in Berkeley, California.

Ruth Emma, unmarried, resident in Berkeley, California.

Ralph Evander, married Lois Margaret Denman, May 3, 1921 in Berkeley, California. They had two children:

Clair, born February 10, 1922 at Berkeley, California.

James, born August 27, 1923 at Berkeley, California.

Second marriage: Mrs. Florence Fisher Lowell, April 16, 1931 in Reno, Nevada. They had one son: John Fredrick, born March 25, 1934 in Oakland, California.

VIII. FRED FIELD. Fred married Lulu Karolena Service, June 29, 1905 in Berkeley, California. They have three children:

Lynda Irene, born October 22, 1906 at Berlin, Germany.

IX. Lincoln Service, born February 15, 1908 at Aintab, Turkey.

Caroline Service, born June 3, 1912 at Marash, Turkey.

Lynda Irene married Everett Carl Blake, June 24, 1927 in Berkeley, California. Their children are:

John Goodsell, born January 18, 1930 at Istanbul, Turkey.

Lincoln Carl, born August 10, 1932 at Merzifon, Turkey.

Jacklyn MacCallum, born March 18, 1938 at Merzifon, Turkey.

John Goodsell, married Barbara Louise Cotton, February 21, 1953 in Arlington, Massachusetts. Their children are:

Christopher Cotton, born July 6, 1954 at Izmir, Turkey.

Peter Lincoln, born July 8, 1956 at Berkeley, California.

Lincoln Carl, married Barbara Holly, June 25, 1955 in Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Caroline Service, married Richard Bonsall Smith, June 16, 1935 in Merzifon, Turkey. They have three children:

Fred Wesley, born February 22, 1937 at Istanbul, Turkey.

Marcia Karol, born March 31, 1940 at Boston, Mass.

Robert Bonsall, born March 13, 1942 at Westbrook, Maine.

IX. LINCOLN SERVICE. Married Irene Frances Fogg, September 14, 1935 in West Newbury, Massachusetts. They have one son:

X. Fred Field II, born August 28, 1938 at Woburn, Mass.

APPENDIX II

Notes on Field Genealogy

The genealogy of the Field families in the United States is a rather complicated affair. There are several more or less authoritative records that may be consulted. The information given here is based primarily upon the following named books, plus correspondence with some contemporary members of the Field family and others.

(1) *The New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for the year 1863, vol. xvii, pp. 106-112, gives a sketch of the Field family. (2) *Genealogical and Biographical Records of American Families and Representative Citizens*. Illustrated. Published by State Historical Company, Inc., Hartford, Conn., 1947 (a thick book with unnumbered pages). (3) *Genealogy of the Fields of Providence, Rhode Island*, as traced by Mrs. Harriet A. Brownell of Providence, R. I., mainly from records and papers in Rhode Island. Printed for Private Distribution. Providence: J. A. and R. A. Reid, Printers, 1878. 65 pages. (4) Information supplied in correspondence with the State Record Commissioner, State House, Providence, R. I.

* * *

1. Abby Manchester Field Goodsell belonged to the Fields of Rhode Island.

2. William Field, the first person of that name to live in Providence was living there in 1636. He died before June 3, 1665. Myron Barr Field of New York refers to the genealogy of this William Field in these words: "He was the son of William Field, born 1571, who was the son of Sir John Field, who died in 1587, who was the son of Richard Field, who died in 1542, who was grandson of William, who died in 1480." No record of this family is to be found in Rhode Island earlier than 1636. William and his wife Deborah had no children. Their nephew and heir, Thomas Field who was in Providence when his uncle's will was made, died in Providence August 10, 1717.

3. William Field, the first person to live in Providence (see above) was the grandson of Sir John Field. He descended from and used the "arms" of the family of Hubertus de la Feld, who went to England with William the Conqueror (1066). Roger del Feld, born in Sowerby, England, about 1240 was a descendant of Sir Hubertus. The family settled in Lancaster and Kent. Sir John Field was the eighth generation from Roger del Feld. The name was spelled variously: Ffeld, Ffeild, Ffield on the public records.

4. Sir John Field was born in England in 1525 and died in 1587. He became a noted astronomer. He was knighted by Queen Elizabeth. To the original "arms" of the family a crest was added in recognition of his services to science.

5. Sir John Field's "arms" are described in this way:
Arms: Sable, a chevron between three garbs argent. *Crest:* A dexter arm issuing out of clouds, proper, fesseways, habited gules, holding in the hand, also proper, a sphere Or. *Motto:* Sans Dieu Rien.

6. The direct line, father to son, from Thomas Field the nephew and heir of William Field, the first person to live in Providence (see above) to Alden Percy Field, Abby's father, runs thus: Thomas 1648-1717, Thomas 1670-1752, Jeremiah 1706-1768, Thomas 1741-1833, Thomas 1778-1858, Alden 1824-1901.

7. Thomas Field, born 1741, married Deliverance Hammon, September 8, 1761. They were living in Scituate, R. I., a few miles west of Providence when Thomas died January 27, 1833. They had ten children. Thomas and Deliverance were buried in the Field family cemetery on Laurel Hill near the old house in Scituate. This cemetery is still cared for (1957). The inscriptions on the tombstones are quite legible. The Revolutionary Service of Thomas Field as taken from the Government records is as follows:

Born Providence, R. I., 1741; Lieutenant, Capt. Samuel Wilbour's Co., Commissioned June 19, 1775; also May 11, 1778; died Jan. 27, 1833, (Data from copy of pension statement, on file at Pension Office, Washington, D. C.);

Lieutenant, 5th Co. Militia, Scituate, Samuel Wilbour, Capt., chosen June, 1775, (R. I. Colonial Records, v. 7, p. 350);

Lieutenant, 5th Co. Militia, Scituate, Samuel Wilbour, Capt., chosen July 18, 1776, (R. I. Colonial Records, v. 7, p. 591);

Lieutenant, 5th Co. Militia, Scituate, Samuel Wilbour, Capt., chosen May 1778, (R. I. Colonial Records, v. 8, p. 392);

Lieutenant, 5th Co. Militia, Scituate, Samuel Wilbour, Capt., chosen May, 1779, (R. I. Colonial Records, v. 8, p. 534);

Lieutenant, 5th Co. Militia, Scituate, Samuel Wilbour, Capt., chosen February 1780, (R. I. Colonial Records, v. 9, p. 8);

Lieutenant, 5th Co. Militia, Scituate, Samuel Wilbour, Capt., chosen June 1780, (R. I. Colonial Records, v. 9, p. 97);

Lieutenant; died Jan. 27, 1833, (U. S. Treasury Department Record, Washington, D. C.).

GRACE M. SHERWOOD
 State Record Commissioner.

8. Thomas Field, born 1778, son of Thomas Field, born in 1741, married Thankful Winsor, in Cooperstown, N. Y. They lived in Scituate, R. I. in a house that is still standing (1957). Thomas died

December 6, 1858. They had eight children. Thomas and Thankful were buried in the Field family cemetery on Laurel Hill. The name of Thomas Field Jr. appears on a list of Scituate names reported in Military Papers, Rhode Island Historical Society, v. 4, Mss, 632. He probably served as a Private Soldier.

9. Alden Percy Field, Abby's father, was born in Scituate, R. I. February 17, 1824. His parents were Thomas and Thankful Field (see above). He had two brothers and five sisters. Alden and John, his younger brother, married sisters. Alden's wife was Sarah Carver Hopkins. They were married May 6, 1844. John's wife was Florinda Hopkins. Alden and Sarah had three children: Imogene who died in infancy August 7, 1847; Fred, born August 24, 1852 in Lawrence, Mass., died August 23, 1918; Abby Manchester, born January 8, 1856 in Scituate, R. I., died in Berkeley, Cal., January 7, 1952.

10. Sarah Carver Hopkins Field, Abby's mother, was born in Laurel Ridge, Burroughville, R. I., October 23, 1828. Her father, Carver Hopkins (a descendant of Stephen Hopkins, one of the two signers of the Declaration of Independence from Rhode Island), had married Abby Manchester. They had two sons and five daughters. Sarah was the third child and second daughter. Her older sister, Florinda, married Alden's younger brother, John Field. Their youngest child, a daughter, Lillis, married Lemuel Hammond, M.D. Their two children were Harry and Mabel.

APPENDIX III

A Sermon—Notes

I asked Father for the notes of some sermon which he felt would best represent his basic attitude toward life and truth. Here are the notes he gave me:

Psalm 50: 2 "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined forth."

Zion—the Church

Out of the Church God is shining and will evermore continue to shine forth the perfection of beauty.

Not only the True and the Good originate in God and come to us through the Church but the Beautiful also.

That which comes from the Church is really beautiful. . . .

That which comes from the Church ministers to our love of the beautiful. . . .

So Zion pictures this thought:

Zion was beautiful for situation

Zion is the joy of the whole earth

Zion is the city of the Great King

God is known in Zion's palaces—a Refuge

We attach beauty to places

where we have been happy and have been comforted

where we have been nurtured and strengthened and

supplied with good things

The Church is beautiful. . . .

The home is beautiful. . . .

The world at large as we see God in it is beautiful

Indeed, Christianity introduces us into the Palace Beautiful

pleasant memories

blessed experiences

There is the beauty of the Terrestrial and of the Celestial

There is the beauty of the sun, and of the moon, and of the stars

Lost indeed would we be if we could not appreciate

goodness—beauty—truth

The very idea of Life is delightful—
synonymous with hope and good cheer
God himself has purposely brought about such relations
between human surroundings and human perceptions
as to result in our delight in the beautiful

APPENDIX IV

Extracts from Letters

1. *A Letter to Daughter Ruth*

October 6, 1929

Dear Ruth,

I rejoice with you these days when so many good things are filling your life. It is not necessary to our highest happiness that we should have everything just as we might choose. As it is we should always appreciate God's daily presence and direction. To live satisfactorily and triumphantly, applying our hearts unto wisdom, requires help beyond ourselves. I am glad that you pray and that you take your pattern of living from Him who can continually lead us aright. We must not regret discipline for we know that it will ultimately result in higher attainments. . . .

Love D.G.

2. *A Wedding Anniversary Letter*

Berkeley, California

October 19, 1932

Dear Mama:

I guess you know how Fred works anniversaries. He waits until the date comes. So here I am on time. Fiftyfive years ago this very day our wedding occurred in Morris, Minnesota. You were 21 and I was 27 years of age. Rev. J. L. Fonda was the minister. The climate in Minnesota was quite equal then to what it is here in mid-winter. Quite frosty at night. I had the precaution, in the lack of possessing an overcoat, of taking with me an old coat which altho too small to put on over another, I swung around me and buttoned the top button without using the sleeves. Dr. McCall in his excellent sermon last Sunday A.M. said, in answering the question when to marry, "not until there is some finance in sight." This certainly was a condition in my case not fulfilled but which might well be considered an exception. Now in looking back over the years of experience, I think we were providentially guided. I was greatly surprised in those days of poverty when Mrs. Cobb wrote us to make out a list of things we needed, that we were so careful to make the list small. I remember one of the articles she did send was a night shirt, the cloth thick as a board which was a stumper for Mrs. Spendlove to wash. Very soon after your arrival about Thanksgiving time our walk one evening up

to the church was very cold even to me who was used to the cold of Ohio, but you had experienced only one winter of delightful California. I met a lady over in the City last Saturday from Southern California who was critical of California climate which she said was always the same. I think it was many months later that I was provided with a buffalo overcoat by the wonderful generosity of Christian people. Our career in life has been made very pleasant in the consciousness that multitudes of our church people were in helpful sympathy with us in our work. So much of ready-made clothing, the stitches of which might well be regarded as so many prayers made in behalf of us and our work. And I wonder if we have been faithful enough or worthy of so much sacrifice of so many good people. I think we have tried to do the work which godly people have expected we should do. The Lord's work, the work of the Kingdom, the teaching of the children in our Sunday Schools. At work in season and out of season, how worthwhile it all has been insofar as we have unselfishly labored that the people might see the right way to live. And even now so well cared for in the Christian provision of those who love God and appreciate the importance of preaching the Gospel to a needy world. How largely we are indebted to our allegiance to Christ for our daily comforts and for our peace of mind, even in failing strength and the nearby termination of life itself here. So adequate is our faith that even in pain we may see and experience the delights of our condition and never be in distress or discomfort.

We certainly have great occasion to make this 55th Anniversary of our wedding day a day of thanksgiving. Life has been so much more than I anticipated. Our children have responded to the good in life and we can hope as the days go by they will more and more adapt themselves to things of most importance in this New Day. We are certainly thankful for their interest in their parents and their constant solicitude for our welfare. . . . We certainly are grateful for our home and for our church and such a host of friends who are so constantly expressing their interest in us. We are thankful for the part they are taking in missions. We are thankful for our parents whose memory is a benediction.

With love
D.G.

P.S. This letter might have been of indefinite length but neither tongue nor pen can tell all.

3. *D. G.'s Reflections on Politics* (1934)

Father didn't sound off very often on politics or on political issues. He voted the Prohibition ticket all his life, because of his intense hatred of the saloon. For decades he saw the saloon at its worst. But one of his letters reflects impatience with things as they were:

"Hoover opposes regimentation but that is what we need to impose on the liquor business. Thirtyfive years ago at our Association meeting in Santa Cruz, Adams of San Francisco and McLean of Oakland differed as to the obligation of the government of a city or country. I say our government ought to make it hard for us to do wrong and easy to do right. Herring is right when he says capitalism as a system has failed. It so often creates a temptation for a man to amass wealth and impoverish the masses. It is not a violation of his liberty to regiment him. Our President just now (Franklin D. Roosevelt) is trying to curb the devils among those crazy to amass big fortunes. The munition makers are the worst. I sign on the dotted line when it comes to voting against war."

4. *A Letter to Son Fred*

Berkeley, California, July 27, 1935

Dear Fred,

We dwell in the time of enchantment with letters from Amanzimtoti, Africa where you are visiting, and Mount Whitney, California, where Ruth is. Fred and Ruth out in the world! Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness for every one of us. Living and serving humanity for a better world, each in his own way.

Abby said it was time for me to write to you again. She begged me to say something worthwhile.

I am conscious of living in a beautiful world. I am desirous of being in a condition of appreciation, and gratitude for life as I experience it from day to day. It is worthwhile to live in kindly fellowship with God and your fellowmen. It is worthwhile to be doing something or saying something, as the moments fly, that may be helpful to others. At my age (85) I try to care for myself and relieve others of burdens they might have to bear if I were lazy or careless or thoughtless. The requirements that must be met in view of so many physical infirmities are a drain upon one's efficiency and strength of endurance. The graces of the Spirit must ever be available that one should fulfil requirements and realize the joyful experience of always being forbearing and kind, patient, loving, seeing the good, submitting as the Master did to sacrifice for others, and expecting good results.

Humanity has its hands full in helping bring about the Kingdom of God on earth. We are all well occupied when we are consciously at this task. . . .

The service at Dr. Giffen's church the 21st of July was very good. Vernon White was the speaker. Later he told us he might write a reply to Morrison who had so seriously discredited himself in his recent article about Turkey. The larger view of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth involves Turkey and the leadership of the Master and such men as David Livingstone who said, "Anywhere provided it be forward!" Faith is the victory! Cyrus Hamlin and other saints bid us go forward. Paul Nilson and King Birge in Turkey have the right idea—forward!

We have greatly enjoyed the three-day visit of Columbus Fuller, my old Ohio neighbor, who became an American Board missionary in Southern Rhodesia. He is now retired, living in Los Angeles.

You must know how intensely we are interested in the approaching furlough of Everett Blake and family. It will be a great joy to see them. Many of their friends here are eagerly awaiting them.

We are glad you can visit Caroline and her husband in Talas. How joyous will be your homecoming as you meet for the first time John and Lincoln, our great grandsons and share in the moving events (wedding) in your son Lincoln's life.

Let me add that your untiring efforts to keep us informed as to your travels are highly appreciated. We hope that our increased knowledge of missions in India and Africa will bear some good fruit. . . .

Safe journeying! Resort to the unfailing comforts of our faith.

Father G.

